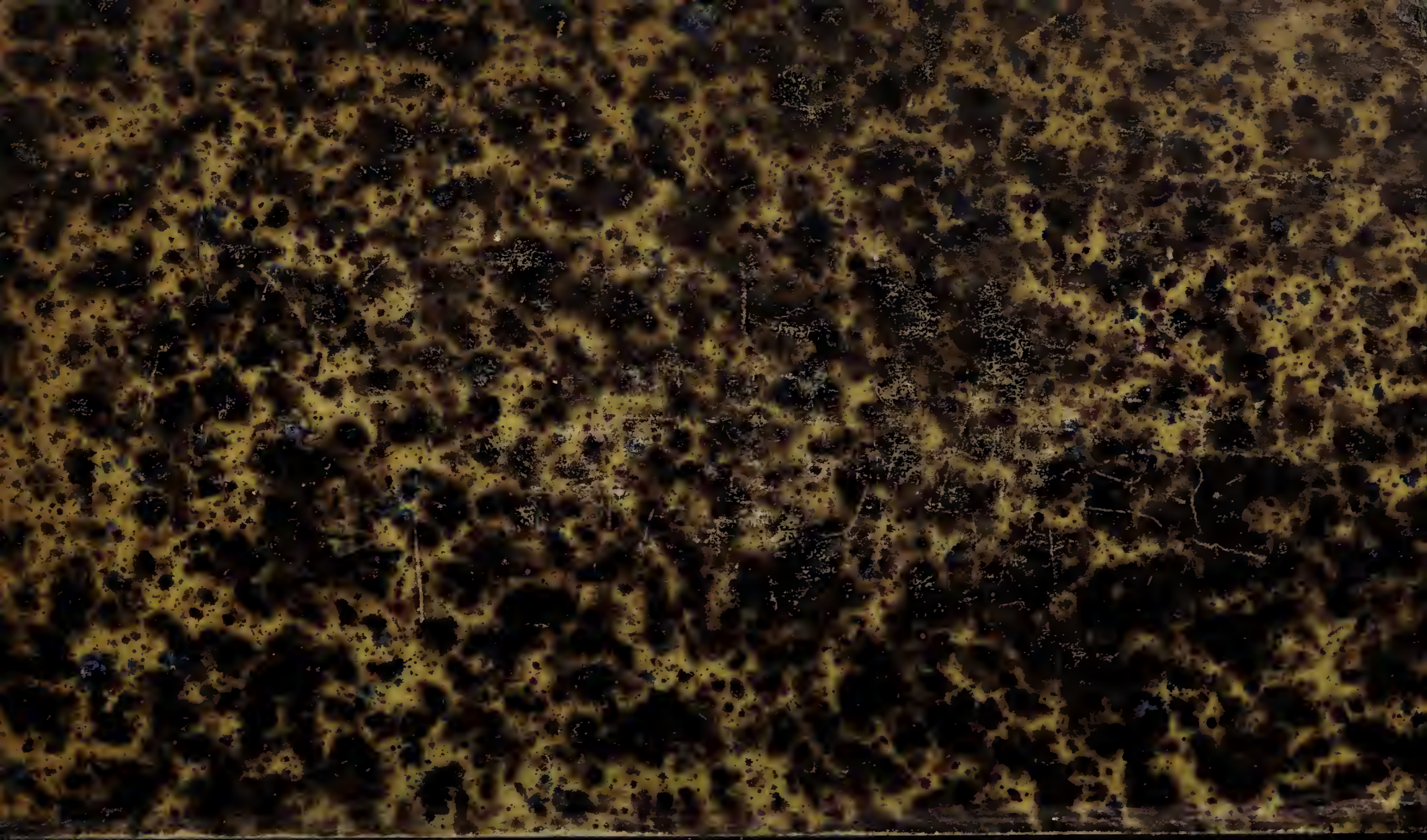

Wit *at Several* Weapons.

A

COMEDY.

Written by

Mr. *FRANCIS BEAUMONT*,

AND

Mr. *JOHN FLETCHER*.

LONDON,

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Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

SIR Perfidious Oldcraft, *an old Knight, a great Admirer of Wit.*
Witty-pate Oldcraft, *his Father's own Son.*
Sir Gregory Fop, *a Titleſs Lord of Land.*
Cunningham, *a diſcreet Gentleman, Sir* Gregory's *Comrade and Supplanter.*
Sir Ruionous Gentry, *a decay'd Knight,* } *Two ſharking Companions.*
Priſcian, *a poor Scholar,* }
Pompey Doodle, *a Clown, Sir* Gregory's *Man, a piece of Puff-paſte, like his Maſter.*
Mr. Credulous, *Nephew to Sir* Perfidious, *a ſhallow-brain'd Scholar.*

W O M E N.

Neice to Sir Perfidious, *a rich and witty Heir.*
Lady Ruinous, *Wife to Sir* Ruinous.
Guardianeſs to Sir Perfidious *his Neice, an old doting Croane.*
Mirabell, *the Guardianeſs's Neice.*

SCENE LONDON.

Wit *at Several* Weapons.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Sir Perfidious Old-craft, *an old Knight, and* Witty-pate *his Son.*

Witty. SIR, I'm no Boy, I'm deep in one and twenty,
The second Year's approaching.
Old K. A fine time
For a Youth to live by his Wits then, I should think,
If e'er he mean to make Account of any.
Witty. Wits, Sir?
Old K. Ay Wits, Sir; if it be so strange to thee.
I'm sorry I spent that time to get a Fool,
I might have imploy'd my Pains a great deal better;
Thou know'st all that I have, I ha' got by my Wits,
And yet to see how urgent thou art too;
It grieves me thou art so degenerate
To trouble me for Means, I never offer'd it
My Parents from a School-boy, past Nineteen once.
See what these Times are grown to, before Twenty
I rush'd into the World, which is indeed
Much like the Art of swimming, he that will attain to't
Must fall Plump, and duck himself at first,
And that will make him hardy and adventr'ous,
And not stand putting in one Foot, and shiver,
And then draw t'other after, like a Quake-buttock;
Well he may make a Padler i'th' World,
From Hand to Mouth, but never a brave Swimmer,
Born up by th' Chin, as I bore up my self,

With my strong Industry that never fail'd me;
For he that lies born up with Patrimonies,
Looks like a long great Ass that swims with Bladders,
Come but one Prick of adverse Fortune to him
He sinks, because he never try'd to swim,
When Wit plays with the Billows that choak'd him.
Witty. Why is it not a Fashion for a Father, Sir,
Out of his yearly thousands, to allow
His only Son a competent Brace of Hundreds;
Or such a Toy?
Old K. Yes, if he mean to spoil him,
Or mar his Wits he may, but never I,
This is my Humour, Sir, which you'll find constant;
I love Wit so well, because I liv'd by't,
That I'll give no Man power out of my Means to hurt it,
And that's a kind of Gratitude to my Raiser,
Which great ones oft forget; I admire much
This Age's Dulness: when I scarce writ Man,
The first Degree that e'er I took in thriving,
I lay Intelligencer close for wenching,
Could give this Lord or Knight a true Certificate
Of all the Maiden-Heads extant, how many lay
'Mongst Chamber-maids, how many 'mongst Exchange,
Though never many there I must confess,
They have a Trick to utter Ware so fast;
I knew which Lady had a Mind to fall,
Which Gentlewoman new divorc'd, which Tradesman breaking,
The Price of every Sinner to a Hair,
And where to raise each Price; which were the Tearmers,
That would give Velvet Petticoats, Tissue Gowns,
Which Pieces, Angels, Suppers, and half Crowns;
I knew how to match, and make my Market.
Could give Intelligence where the Pox lay leidger,
And then to see the Letchers shift a Point,
'Twas Sport and Profit too; how they would shun
Their ador'd Mistress's Chambers, and rue fearfully,
Like Rats from burning Houses; so brought I
My Clyents the Game still safe together,
And noble Gamesters lov'd me, and I felt it.
Give me a Man that lives by his Wits, say I,
And's never left a Groat, there's the true Gallant.
When I grew somewhat pursie, I grew then
In Men's opinions too, and confidences,
They put things call'd Executorships upon me,
The charge of Orphans, little senseless Creatures,
Whom in their Childhoods I bound forth to Felt-makers,

To make 'em loſe, and work away their Gentry,
Diſguiſe their tender Natures with hard Cuſtom,
So wrought 'em out in time, there I riſe ungently,
Nor do I fear to diſcourſe this unto thee,
I'm arm'd at all points againſt Treachery,
I hold my Honour firm; if I can ſee thee thrive by
Thy Wits while I live, I ſhall have the more courage
To truſt thee with my Lands when I dye, if not,
The next beſt Wit I can hear of, carries 'em:
For ſince in my time and knowledge, ſo many rich Children
Of the City conclude in Beggary, I'd rather
Make a wiſe Stranger my Executor, than a fooliſh
Son my Heir, and to have my Lands call'd after my
Wit, than after my Name; and that's my Nature.

Witty. 'Tis a ſtrange harſh one, muſt I ſtill ſhift then?
I come, brave Cheats, once to my Trade again,
And I'll ply't harder now than e'er I did for't;
You'll part with nothing then, Sir?

Old K. Not a jot, Sir.

Witty. If I ſhould ask you Bleſſing e'er I go, Sir,
I think you would not give't me.

Old K. Let me but hear thou liv'ſt by thy Wits once
Thou ſhalt have any thing, thou'rt none of mine elſe,
Then why ſhould I take care for thee?

Witty. 'Thank your Bounty. [*Exit.*

Old K. So Wealth love me, and long Life, I beſeech it,
As I do love the Man that lives by his Wits,
He comes ſo near my Nature; I'm grown old now,
And ev'n arriv'd at my laſt Cheat I fear me,
But 'twill make ſhift to bury me, by day-light too,
And diſcharge all my Legacies, 'tis ſo wealthy,
And never trouble any Intereſt Mony:
I've yet a Neice to wed, over whoſe ſteps
I have plac'd a truſty watchful Guardianeſs,
For fear ſome poor Earl ſteal her, 'thas been threat'ned,
To redeem mortgag'd Land, but he ſhall miſs on't;
To prevent which, I have ſought out a Match for her,
Fop of *Fop-Hall*, he writes himſelf, I take it,
The ancienteſt *Fop* in *England*, with whom I've privately
Compounded for the third part of her Portion,

Enter Sir Gregory Fop, *and* Cunningham

And ſhe ſeems pleas'd, ſo two parts reſt with me.
He's come; Sir *Gregory*, welcome; what's he, Sir?

Sir Greg. Young *Cunningham*, a *Norfolk* Gentleman,
One that has liv'd upon the *Fops*, my Kindred,
Ever ſince my Remembrance; he's a Wit indeed,

And we all ſtrive to have him, nay 'tis certain
Some of our Name has gone to Law for him;
Now 'tis my turn to keep him, and indeed
He's plaguy chargeable, as all your Wits are,
But I will give him over when I liſt,
I ha' us'd Wits ſo before.

Old K. I hope when you're married, Sir, you'll ſhake him off.

Sir Greg. What do you take me to be, old Father i' Law that ſhall be, do you think I'll have any of the *Wits* hang upon me after I am married once? none of my Kindred ever had before me; but where's this Neice? is't a Faſhion in *London* to marry a Woman, and never ſee her?

Old. K. Excuſe the niceneſs, Sir; that Care's your Friend.
Perhaps had ſhe been ſeen, you had never ſeen her;
There's many a *ſpent thing* call'd, *and't pleaſe your Honour*,
That lies in wait for her, at firſt ſnap ſhe's a Counteſs,
Drawn with ſix Mares through *Fleetſtreet*, and a Coachman,
Sitting bare-headed to their *Flanders* Buttocks:
This whets him on.

Sir Greg. Pray let's clap up the buſineſs, Sir,
I long to ſee her, are you ſure you have her;
Is ſhe not there already? Hark, hark, oh hark.

Old K. How now, what's that, Sir?

Sir Greg. Every Caroch goes by,
Goes ev'n to th' Heart of me:

Old K. I'll have that Doubt eas'd, Sir,
Inſtantly eas'd, Sir *Gregory*; and now I think on't
A Toy comes i' my Mind, ſeeing your Friend there,
We'll have a little ſport, give you but way to't,
And put a trick upon her, I love Wit preciouſly,
You ſhall not be ſeen yet, we'll ſtale your Friend firſt,
If't pleaſe but him to ſtand for the Anti-mask.

Sir Greg. Puh, he ſhall ſtand for any thing, why his Supper
Lies i' my Breeches here, I'll make him faſt elſe.

Old K. Then come you forth more unexpectedly
The Mask it ſelf, a thouſand a Year Joynture,
The Cloud, your Friend, will be then drawn away,
And only you the Beauty of the Play.

Sir Greg. For Red and Black, I'll put down all your Fullers,
Let but your Neice bring White, and we have three Colours.

[*Exit Sir* Greg.

Old K. I'm given to underſtand you are a *Wit*, Sir.

Cun. I'm one that Fortune ſhews ſmall favour to, Sir.

Old K. Why there you conclude it, whether you will or no, Sir;
To tell you truth, I'm taken with a Wit.

Cun. Fowlers catch Woodcocks ſo, let not them know ſo much.

Old K.

Old K. A Pestilence mazard, a Duke *Humphrey* Spark,
Hard ather lose his Dinner than his Jest;
I say I love a Wit the best of all things.
Cun. Always except your self.
Old K. Has giv'n't me twice now,
Enter Neice and Guardianess.
All with a breath, I thank him; but that I love a Wit
I should be heartily angry; cuds, my Neice,
You know the business with her.
Cun. With a Woman?
'Tis ev'n the very same it was, I'm sure,
Five thousand Years ago, no Fool can miss it.
Old K. This is the Gentleman I promis'd, Neice,
To present to your Affection.
Cun. Ware that Arrow.
Old K. Deliver me the Truth now of your liking.
Cun. I'm spoil'd already, that such poor lean Game
Should be found out as I am.
Old K. Go set to her, Sir——ha, ha, ha.
Cun. How noble is this Virtue in you, Lady?
Your Eye may seem to commit a thousand slaughters
On your dull Servants, which truly tasted
Conclude all in Comforts. *Old K.* Pu.
Neice. It rather shews what a true Worth can make,
Such as yours is.
Old K. And that's not worth a Groat;
How like you him, Neice?
Neice. It shall appear how well, Sir,
I humbly thank you for him.
Old K. Ha, ha, good Gullery, he does it well i'faith,
Light, as if he meant to purchase *Lip-Land* there:
Hold, hold, bear off I say, slid your Part hangs too long.
Cun. My Joys are Mockeries.
Neice. You've both express'd a worthy care and love, Sir;
Had mine own Eye been set at liberty,
To make a publick choice (believe my Truth, Sir)
It cou'd not ha' done better for my Heart
Than your good Providence has.
Old K. You will say so then,
Alas sweet Neice, all this is but the Scabbard,
Now I draw forth the Weapon.
Neice. How? *Old K.* Sir *Gregory*,
Approach thou Lad of thousands.
Enter Sir Gregory.
Sir Greg. Who calls me?
Neice. What Motion's this, the Model of *Ninivie*?

Old K.

Old K. Accoſt her daintily now, let me adviſe thee.
Sir Greg. I was advis'd to beſtow dainty Coſt on you.
Neice. You were ill advis'd, back, and take better counſel;
You may have good for a Angel, the leaſt coſt
You can beſtow upon a Woman, Sir,
Trebles ten Counſellors Fees in Lady-ware,
You're over Head and Ears, e'er you be aware:
Faith keep a Batchelor ſtill, and go to Bowls, Sir,
Follow your Miſtreſs there, and prick and ſave, Sir;
For other Miſtreſſes will make you a Slave, Sir.
Sir Greg. So, ſo, I have my lerrepoop already.
Old K. Why how now, Neice, this is the Man I tell you.
Neice. He, hang him, Sir, I know you do but mock,
This is the Man you would ſay.
Old K. The Devil rides, I think.
Cun. I muſt uſe cunning here.
Old K. Make me not mad, uſe him with all reſpect,
This is the Man I ſwear.
Neice. Would you could perſwade me to that;
Alas, you cannot go beyond me, Uncle,
You carry a Jeſt well, I muſt confeſs,
For a Man of your Years, but———
Old K. I'm wrought beſide my ſelf.
Cun. I never beheld Comlineſs 'till this minute!
Guard. Oh good ſweet Sir, pray offer not theſe words
To an old Gentlewoman.
Neice. Sir. *Cun.* Away Fifteen,
Here's Fifty one exceeds thee.
Neice. What's the buſineſs?
Cun. Give me theſe motherly Creatures, come, ne'er ſmother it,
I know you are a teeming Woman yet.
Guard. Troth a young Gentleman might do much I think, Sir.
Cun. Go too then.
Guard. And I ſhould play my part, or I were ingrateful.
Neice. Can you ſo ſoon neglect me!
Cun. Hence, I'm buſie.
Old K. This croſs point came in luckily; impudent Baggage,
Hang from the Gentleman, art thou not aſham'd
To be a Widow's hindrance? *Cun.* Are you angry, Sir?
Old K. You're welcome, pray court on, I ſhall deſire
Your honeſt wiſe Acquaintance; vex me not
After my care and pains to find a Match for thee,
Leſt I confine thy Life to ſome Out-chamber,
Where thou ſhalt waſte the ſweetneſs of thy Youth,
Like a conſuming Light in her own Socket,
And not allow'd a Male-Creature about thee;

A very Monky, thy neceſſity
Shall prize at a thouſand Pound, a Chimne-ſweeper
At fifteen hundred.
Neice. But are you ſerious, Uncle? *Old K.* Serious.
Neice. Pray let me look upon the Gentleman
With more heed; then I did but hum him over
In haſte, good faith, as Lawyers Chancery Sheets;
Beſhrew my Blood, a tolerable Man,
Now I diſtinctly read him. *Sir Greg.* Hum, hum, hum.
Neice. Say he be black, he's of a very good pitch,
Well ankled, two good confident Calves, they look
As if they would not ſhrink at the ninth Child;
The Redneſs i' th' Face, why that's in faſhion,
Moſt of your high Bloods have it, ſign of Greatneſs marry;
'Tis to be taken down too with *May*-butter,
I'll ſend to my Lady *Spend-tail* for her Medicine.
Sir Greg. Lum te dum, dum, dum, de dum.
Neice. He's qualified too, believe me.
Sir Greg. Lum te dum, de dum, de dum.
Neice. Where was my Judgment?
Sir Greg. Lum te dum, dum, dum, te dum, te dum.
Neice. Pefections cover'd meſs.
Sir Greg. Lum te dum, te dum, te dum.
Neice. It ſmoaks apparently: Pardon, ſweet Sir,
The error of my Sex.
Old K. Why, well ſaid, Neice;
Upon Submiſſion you muſt pardon her now, Sir.
Sir Greg. I'll do't by courſe, do you think I'm an Aſs, Knight?
Here's firſt my Hand, now't goes to the Seal-Office.
Old K. Formally finiſh'd, how goes this Suit forward?
Cun. I'm taking meaſure of the Widow's Mind, Sir.
I hope to fit her Heart.
Guard. Who would have dreamt
Of a young Morſel now? things come in Minutes.
Sir Greg. Truſt him not, Widow, he's a younger Brother,
He'll ſwear and lie; believe me he's worth nothing.
Guard. He brings more Content to a Woman with that nothing,
Than he that brings his thouſands without any thing;
We have Precedents for that amongſt great Ladies.
Old K. Come, come, no Language now ſhall be in Faſhion,
But your Love-phraſe, the Bell to Procreation. [*Exe.*

Enter Sir Ruinous Gentry, Witty-pate, *and* Priſcian.

Witty. Pox, there's nothing puts me beſide my Wits, but this fourth, this laſt illiterate ſhare, there's no Conſcience in't.
Ruin. Sir, it has ever been ſo, where I have practis'd, and muſt be ſtill where I am, nor has it been undeſerv'd at the Year's end,

and shuffle the Almanack together, Vacations and Term-times, one with another, tho' I say't, my Wife is a Woman of a good Spirit, then it is no lay-share.

Pris. Faith for this five year, *Ego possum probare*, I have had a hungry penurious share with 'em, and she has had as much as I always.

Witty. Present or not present?

Pris. Residens aut non residens, per fidem.

Witty. And what Precedent's this for me? because your *Hic & hac Turpis*, and *Qui mihi discipulus* Brains (that never got any thing but by accidence and uncertainty) did allow it, therefore I must, that have grounded Conclusions of Wit, Hereditary Rules from my Father to get by———

Ruin. Sir, be compendious, either take or refuse, I will 'bate no token of my Wife's share, make even the last reckonings, and either so unite, or here divide company.

Pris. A good Resolution, *profecto*, let every Man beg his own way, and happy Man be his dole.

Witty. Well, here's your double share, and single Brains, *Pol, edipol*, here's toward a *Castor ecastor* for you, I will endure a Fortnight longer, but by these just five ends———

Pris. Take heed, five's odd, put both hands together, or severally, they are all odd unjust ends.

Witty. Medius filius, hold your Tongue, I depose you from half a share presently, I will make you a Participle, and decline you, now you understand me, be you a quiet Conjunction amongst the undeclined; you and your *Latine* ends shall go shift, *Solus cum solo*, together else, and then if ever they get ends of Gold and Silver, enough to serve that Gerundine Maw of yours, that without *Do* will end in *Di* and *Dum* instantly.

Enter Old Knight and Sir Gregory.

Ruin. Enough, enough, here comes Company, we lose five Shares in wrangling about one.

Witty. My Father; put on *Priscian*, he has *Latine* Fragments too, but I fear him not, I'll case my Face with a little more Hair, and relieve.

Old K. Tush, Nephew, (I'll call you so) for if there be
No other Obstacles than those you speak of,
They are but Powder-Charges without Pellets,
You may safely front 'em, and warrant your own Danger.

Sir Greg. No other that I can perceive i'faith, Sir, for I put her to't, and felt her as far as I could, and the strongest Repulse was, she said, she would have a little Soldier in me, that, if need were, should defend her Reputation.

Old K. And surely, Sir, that is a Principle
Amongst your principal Ladies, they require
Valour, either in a Friend or a Husband.

Sir Greg.

Sir Greg. And I allow their Requeſts i' faith, as well as any Woman's Heart can deſire, if I knew where to get Valour, I would as willingly entertain it as any Man that blows.

Old K. Breaths, breaths, Sir, that's the ſweeter Phraſe.

Sir Greg. Blows for a Soldier, i'faith Sir, and I'm in Practice that way.

Old K. For a Soldier, I grant it.

Sir Greg. 'Slid, I'll ſwallow ſome Bullets, and good round ones too, but I'll have a little Soldier in me.

Ruin. Will you on and beg, or ſteal and be hang'd?

Sir Greg. And ſome Scholar ſhe would have me beſides, tuſh, that ſhall be no Bar, 'tis a Quality in a Gentleman, but of the leaſt Queſtion.

Priſ. Salvete Domini benigniſſimi, munificentiſſimi.

Old K. Salvete dicis ad nos? jubeo te ſalvere.
Nay, Sir, we have *Latine*, and other Metal in us too.
Sir, you ſhall ſee me talk with this Fellow now.

Sir Greg. I could find in my Heart to talk with him too,
If I could underſtand him.

Priſ. Chariſſimi, Doctiſſmique Domini, ex abundantia
Charitatis veſtræ eſtote propitii in me jejunum
Miſerum, pauperem, & omni conſolatione exulem.

Old K. A pretty Scholar by my Faith, Sir, but I'll to him again.

Sir Greg. Does he beg or ſteal in this Language, can you tell Sir?
He may take away my good Name from me, and I ne'er the wiſer.

Old. K He begs, he begs, Sir.

Priſ. Ecce, ecce, in oculis lachrimarum flumen, in ore
Fames ſitiſque ignis in vultu, pudor & impudentia,
In omni parte neceſſitas & indigentia.

Old K. Audi tu bonus ſocius, tu es Scholaſticus, ſic intelligo,
Ego faciam argumentum. Mark now, Sir, now I fetch him up.

Sir Greg. I have been fetcht up a hundred times for this,
Yet I could never learn half ſo much.

Old K. Audi & reſponde, hoc eſt Argumentum, Nomen eſt
Nomen, ergo, quod eſt tibi Nomen? Reſponde nunc,
Reſponde Argumentum meum. Have I not put him to't, Sir?

Sir Greg. Yes, Sir, I think ſo.

Witty. Step in, the Raſcal is put out of his penn'd Speech,
And he can get no farther.

Old K. Cur non reſpondes?

Priſ. Oh Domine, tanta mea eſt miſeria.

Witty. So, he's almoſt in again.

Priſ. Ut nocte mecum pernoctat egeſtas, luce quotidie
Paupertas habitat.

Old K. Sed quod eſt tibi Nomen: & quis dedit? Reſponde Argumentum.

Priſ. Hem, hem.

Witty. He's dry, he hems, on quickly.

Ruin. Courteous Gentlemen, if the Brow of a military Face may not be offenſive to your generous Eye-balls, let his Wounds ſpeak better than his Words, for ſome Branch or ſmall Sprig of Charity to be planted upon this poor barren Soil of a Soldier.

Old K. How now, what Arms and Arts both go a begging?

Ruin. Such is the Poſt-progreſs of cold Charity now adays, who (for Heat to her frigid Limbs) paſſes in ſo ſwift a Motion that two at the leaſt had need be to ſtay her.

Sir Greg. Sir, let's reward 'em I pray you, and be gone; if any Quarrel ſhould ariſe amongſt us, I am able to anſwer neither of them; his Iron and Steel Tongue is as hard as the t'other's *Latine* one.

Old K. Stay, ſtay, Sir, I will talk a little with him firſt, let me alone with both, I will try whether they live by their Wits or no; for ſuch a Man I love. And what? You both beg together then?

Priſ. Conjunctis manibus, profecto, Domine.

Ruin. With equal Fortunes, equal Diſtribution, there's not the Breadth of a Sword's Point uneven in our Diviſion.

Sir Greg. What two Qualities are here caſt away upon two poor Fellows, if a Man had 'em that could maintain 'em? What a double Man were that, if theſe two Fellows might be bought and ſodden, and boil'd to a Jelly, and eaten faſting every Morning, I do not think but a Man ſhould find ſtrange thing in his Stomach.

Old K. Come, Sir, join your Charity with mine, and we'll make up a couple of Pence betwixt us.

Sir Greg. If a Man could have a pennyworth for his Penny, I would beſtow more Mony with 'em.

Witty. Save you Gentlemen. How now? What, are you encounter'd here? What Fellows are theſe?

Old K. Faith, Sir, here's *Mars* and *Mercury*, a Pair of poor Planets it ſeems, that *Jupiter* has turn'd out to live by their Wits, and we are e'en about a little Spark of Charity to kindle 'em a new Fire.

Witty. Stay, pray you ſtay, Sir, you may abuſe your Charity, nay, make that Goodneſs in you no better than a Vice; ſo many Deceivers walk in theſe Shadows now-a-days; that certainly your Bounties were better ſpilt, than reſerv'd to ſo lewd and vicious Uſes; which is he that profeſſes the Soldier?

Ruin. He that profeſſes his own Profeſſion, Sir, and the dangerous Life he hath led in it, this Pair of half-ſcore Years.

Witty. In what Services have you been, Sir?

Ruin

Ruin. The first that fleſht me a Soldier, Sir, was that great Battel at *Alcazar* in *Barbary*, where the noble *Englisſh Stukely* fell, and where that Royal *Portugal Sebaſtian* ended his untimely Days.

Witty. Are you ſure *Sebaſtian* dy'd there?

Ruin. Faith, Sir, there was ſome other Rumour hop'd amongſt us, that he, wounded, eſcap'd, and touch'd on his Native Shore again, where finding his Country at home more diſtreſs'd by the Invaſion of the *Spaniard*, than his Loſs abroad, forſook it, ſtill ſupporting a miſerable and unfortunate Life, which (where he ended) is yet uncertain.

Witty. By my Faith, Sir, he ſpeaks the neareſt Fame of Truth in this.

Ruin. Since, Sir, I ſerv'd in *France*, the *Low-Countries*. Laſtly, at that memorable Skirmiſh at *Newport*, where the forward and bold *Scot* there ſpent his Life ſo freely, that from every ſingle Heart that there fell, came home from his Reſolution, a double Honour to his Country.

Witty. This ſhould be no Counterfeit, Sir.

Old K. I do not think he is, Sir.

Witty. But, Sir, methinks you do not ſhew the Marks of a Soldier, could you ſo freely ſcape, that you brought home no Scars to be your Chronicle?

Ruin. Sir, I have Wounds, and many; but in thoſe Parts where Nature and Humanity bids me ſhame to publiſh.

Witty. A good Soldier cannot want thoſe Badges.

Sir Greg. Now am not I of your Mind in that, for I hold him the beſt Soldier that ſcapes beſt; always at a Cock-fencing I give him the beſt that has the feweſt Knocks.

Witty. Nay, I'll have a bout with your Scholar, too; to ask you why you ſhould be poor, yet richly learn'd, were no Queſtion, at leaſt, you can eaſily anſwer it; but whether you have Learning enough to deſerve to be poor or no (ſince Poverty is commonly the meed of Learning) is yet to be try'd: You have the Languages, I mean the chief, as the *Hebrew*, *Syriack*, *Greek*, *Latine*, &c.

Priſ. Aliquantulum, non totaliter, Domine.

Old K. The *Latine* I have ſufficiently try'd him in, And I promiſe you, Sir, he is very well grounded.

Witty. I will prove him in ſome of the Reſt.

Toia mioi fatherois iſte Cock-ſcomboy?

Priſ. Kay yonderon nigitton oy fouleroi Aſſiniſoy.

Witty. Cheateron ton biton?

Priſ. Tous pollous ſtrikerous, Angelo to-ſeeſo.

Witty. Certainly, Sir, a very excellent Scholar in the *Greek*.

Old K. I do note a wondrous Readineſs in him.

Sir Greg. I do wonder how the *Trojans* could hold out ten Years Siege,

Siege, as 'tis reported, against the *Greeks*, if *Achilles* spoke but this Tongue? I do not think but he might have shaken down the Walls in a sevennight, and ne'er troubled the wooden Horse.

Witty. I will try him so far as I can in the *Syriack*.

Kircom bragmen, shag a dou ma del mathou.

Pris. Hashagath rabgabosh shobos onoriadka.

Witty. Colpack Rubasca, gnawerthem shig shag.

Pris. Napshamothem Ribsie bongomosh lashemech nagothi.

Witty. Gentlemen I have done, any Man that can go farther, I confess my self at a *Nonplus*.

Sir Greg. Faith not I, Sir, I was at my fartheſt in my natural Language, I was never double-tongu'd, I thank my hard Fortune.

Witty. Well, Gentlemen, 'tis pity, (walk farther off a little my Friends) I say, 'tis pity such Fellows so endow'd, so qualify'd with the Gifts of Nature and Arts, yet should have such a Scarcity of Fortune's Benefits, we must blame our Iron-hearted Age for it.

Old K. 'Tis pity indeed, and our Pity shall speak a little for 'em; Come, Sir, here's my Groat.

Witty. A Groat, Sir? oh fie, give nothing rather, 'twere better you rail'd on 'em for begging, and so quit your self; I am a poor Gentleman, that have but little but my Wits to live on.

Old K. Troth, and I love you the better, Sir.

Witty. Yet I'll begin a better Example than so; here Fellows, there's between you, take Purse and all, and I would it were heavier for your sakes, there's a Pair of Angels to guide you to your Lodgings, a poor Gentleman's good Will.

Pris. Gratias, maximas gratias, benignissime Domine.

Old K. This is an ill Example for us, Sir, I would this bountiful Gentleman had not come this way to Day.

Sir Greg. Pox, we must not shame our selves now, Sir, I'll give as much as that Gentleman, though I never be a Soldier or Scholar while I live; here Friends, there's a Piece, that if he were divided, would make a Pair of Angels for me too, in the Love I bear to the Sword and the Tongues.

Old K. My Largess shall be equal too, and much good do you; this Bounty is a little Abatement of my Wit though, I feel that.

Ruin. May Soldiers ever defend such Charities.

Pris. And Scholars pray for their Increase.

Old K. Fare you well, Sir, these Fellows may pray for you, you have made the Scholars Commons exceed to day, and a Word with you, Sir, you said you liv'd by your Wits, if you use this bounty, you'll beggar your Wits, believe it.

Witty. Oh, Sir, I hope to encrease 'em by it, this Seed never wants his Harvest; fare you well, Sir. [*Exit.*

Sir Greg. I think a Man were as good meet with a reasonable Thief, as an unreasonable Beggar sometimes; I could find in my Heart

Heart to beg half mine back again: Can you change my Piece, my Friends?

Pris. Tempora mutantur, & nos mutamur in illis.

Sir Greg. My Gold is turn'd into *Latine*.

Enter Witty-pate.

Witty. Look you good Fellows, here's one round Shilling more that lay conceal'd.

Old K. Sir, away, we shall be drawn farther into Damage else.

Sir Greg. A Pox of the Fool, he live by his Wits? If his Wits leave him any Mony, but what he begs or steals very shortly, I'll be hang'd for him. [*Exeunt the two Knights.*

Ruin. This Breakfast Parcel was well fetch'd off i'faith.

Witty. Tush, a by-blow for Mirth, we must have better Purchase, we want a fourth for another Project that I have ripened.

Ruin. My Wife she shares, and can deserve it.

Witty. She can change her Shape, and be Masculine.

Ruin. 'Tis one of the freest Conditions, she fears not the crack of a Pistol, she dares say, Stand, to a Grazier.

Pris. Probatum fuit, profecto Domine

Witty. Good, then you Sir *Bacchus*, *Apollo* shall be dispatch'd with her share, and some Contents to meet us to Morrow, at a certain Place and Time appointed, in the Masculine Gender; my Father has a Nephew and I an own Cousin coming up from the University, whom he loves most indulgently, easie Master *Credulous Oldcraft*, (for you know what your meer Academick is) your Carrier never misses his Hour, he must not be robb'd, because he has but little to lose; but he must join with us in a Device that I have, that shall rob my Father of a hundred Pieces, and thank me to be rid on't, for there's the Ambition of my Wit, to live upon his profest Wit, that has turn'd me out to live by my Wits.

Pris. Cum hirundinis alis tibi regratulor.

Witty. A Male Habit, a Bag of an hundred Weight though it be Counters, for my *Alchimy* shall turn 'em into Gold of my Father's; the Hour, the Place, the Action shall be at large set down; and Father, you shall know, that I put my Portion to use, that you have given me to live by;

And to confirm your self in me renate,
I hope you'll find my Wit's legitimate [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Lady and Servants.

Serv. NAY Lady.

Lady. Put me not in mind on't, prithee,
You cannot do a greater wrong to Women,
For in our wants, 'tis the most chief Affliction
To have that Name remembred; 'tis a Title
That Misery mocks us by, and the Word's Malice:
Scorn and Contempt has not wherewith to work
On humble callings; they are safe, and lye
Level with Pity still, and pale Distress
Is no great Stranger to 'em; but when Fortune
Looks with a stormy Face on our conditions,
We find Affliction Work, and Envy Pastime,
And our worst Enemy than that, most abuses us,
Is that we are call'd by, Lady. Oh my Spirit,
Will nothing make thee humble? I am well methinks,
And can live quiet with my Fate sometimes,
Untill I look into the World again,
Then I begin to rave at my Stars bitterness,
To see how many Muckhills plac'd above me;
Peasants and Droyls, Caroches full of Dunghills,
Whose very Birth stinks in a generous Nostril,
Glistring by Night like Glow-worms through the High Streets,
Hurried by Torch-light in the Foot-mans Hands,
That shew like running Fire-drakes through the City,
And I put to my Shifts and Wits to live,
Nay sometimes Danger too; on Foot, on Horseback,
And earn my Supper manfully e'er I get it,
Many a Meal I have purchas'd at that rate,

Enter Priscian.

Fed with a Wound upon me, stampt at midnight.
Ha, what are you?

Pris. Now you may tell your self, Lady. [*Pulls off's Beard.*

Lady. Oh Mr. *Priscian*, what's the Project?
For you ne'er come without one.

Pris. First, your Husband,
Sir *Ruinous Gentry*, greets you with best wishes,
And here has sent you your full share by me
In five Cheats and two Robberies.

Lady. And what comes it to?

Pris. Near upon thirteen Pound.

Lady.

Lady. A goodly share,
'Twill put a Lady scarce in Philip and Cheyney,
With three small Bugle Laces, like a Chamber-maid,
Here's precious lifting.
Pris. 'Las you must consider, Lady,
'Tis but young Term, Attornies ha' small doings, yet,
Then Highway Lawyers, they must needs ha' little,
We've had no great good luck to speak troth, Beauty,
Since your stout Ladyship parted from's at *Highgate*,
But there's a fair hope now for a present hundred,
Here's Man's Apparel, your Horse stands at Door.
Lady. And what's the virtuous Plot now?
Pris. Marry Lady,
You, like a brave young Gallant, must be robb'd.
Lady. I robb'd?
Pris. Nay then———
Lady. Well, go on, let's hear, Sir.
Pris. Here's a seal'd Bag of a Hundred, which indeed
Are Counters all, only some sixteen Groats
Of white Mony i'th' Mouth on't.
Lady. So, what Saddle have I?
Pris. Monsieur *Laroon*'s the *Frenchman*'s.
Lady. That again?
You know so well it is not for my stride,
How oft have I complain'd on't?
Pris. You may have *Jocky*'s then, the little *Scotch* one,
You must dispatch. [*Exit* Pris.
Lady. I'll soon be ready, Sir,
Before you ha' shifted Saddles. Many Women
Have their Wealth flow to 'em, I was made, I see,
To help my Fortune, not my Fortune me. [*Exit.*

Enter Cunningham.

Cun. My ways are Goblin-led, and the Night-Elf
Still draws me from my home, yet I follow;
Sure 'tis not altogether fabulous,
Such Haggs do get Dominion of our Tongues
So soon as we speak, the Inchantment binds;
I have dissembled such a trouble on me,
As my best Wits can hardly clear again;
Piping through this old Reed, the Guardianess,
With purpose that my Harmony shall reach
And please the Lady's Ear, she stops below,
And ecchoes back my Love unto my Lips,
Perswaded by most violent Arguments
Of self-love in her self; I am so self-fool,
To doat upon her hundred wrinkled Face;

I could beggar her to accept the Gifts
She would throw upon me; 'twere Charity,
But for pity's sake I will be a Niggard
And undo her, refusing to take from her;
I'm haunted again, if it take not now
I'll break the Spell.

Enter Guardianess.

Guard. Sweet *Cunningham*, welcome;
What? a whole day absent? Birds that build Nests
Have a care to keep 'em.

Cun. That's granted,
But not continually to sit upon 'em;
'Less in the youngling Season, else they desire
To fly abroad, and recreate their Labours,
Then they return with fresher Appetite
To work again.

Guard. Well, well, you have built a Nest
That will stand all Storms, you need not mistrust
A weather-wrack, and one day it may be
The Youngling season too, then I hope
You'll ne'er fly out of sight.

Cun. There will be pains
I see to shake this Bur off; and sweetest,
Prithee how fares thy Charge? has my good Friend,
Sir *Gregory*, the Countenance of a Lover?

Guard. No by my troth, not in my Mind, methinks
(Setting his Worship aside) he looks like a Fool.

Cun. Nay i'faith, ne'er divide his Worship from him for that
Small matter; Fool and Worship are no such
Strangers now-a-days; but my Meaning is,
Has he thy Lady's Countenance of Love?
Looks she like a welcome on him? plainly,
Have they as good hope of one another,
As, *Cupid* bless us, we have?

Guard. Troth I know not,
I can perceive no forwardness in my Charge,
But I protest I wish the Knight better,
For your sake, Bird.

Cun. Why thanks sweet Bird, and with my Heart I wish,
That he had as strong and likely hope of her,
As thou hast of me.

Guard. Well, he's like to speed
Ne'er the worse for that good wish; and I'll tell you,
Bird, (for Secrets are not to be kept betwixt us two)
My Charge thinks well of you.

Cun. Of me? for what?

Guard.

Guard. For my sake, I mean so; I have heard her
A hundred times, since her Uncle gave her
The first bob about you, that she'd do somewhat
For my sake, if things went well together;
We have spoke of Doors and Bolts, and things, and things,
Go too, I'll tell you all, but you'll find
Some Advancement, for my sake, I do believe.
Cun. Faith be not sparing, tell me.
Guard. By my Lady
You shall pardon me for that, 'twere a shame
If Men should hear all that Women speak behind
Their Backs sometimes.
Cun. You must give me leave yet,
At least to give her thanks.
Guard. Nor that neither,
She must not take notice of my blabbing,
It is sufficient you shall give me thanks,
For 'tis for my sake if she be bountiful,
She loves me, and loves you too for my sake.
Cun. How shall I, knowing this, but be ingrate,
Not to repay her with my dearest Duty.
Guard. I, but you must not know it; if you tell
All that I open to you, you'll shame us both;
Afar off you may kiss your Hand, blush or so,
But I'll allow no nearer Conference.
Cun. Whoop! you'll be jealous I perceive now.
Guard. Jealous? why there's no true Love without it,
I must be jealous of thee, but for her,
(Were it within my Duty to my Master)
I durst trust her with the strongest Tempter,
And I dare swear her now as pure a Virgin
As e'er was welcom'd to a Marriage Bed;
If Thoughts may be untainted, hers are so.
Cun. And where's the cause of your fear then?
Guard. Well, well;
When things are past, and the Wedding Torches
Lighted at Matches, to kindle better fire,
Then I'll tell you more.
Cun. Come, come, I see farther;
That if we were married, you'd be jealous.
Guard. I protest I should a little, but not of her;
It is the married Woman (if you mark it)
And not the Maid that longs, the Appetite
Follows the first Taste, when we have relisht
We with cloying, the Taste once pleas'd before,
Then our desire is whetted on to more.

But I reveal too much to you, i'faith Bird.

Cun. Not a whit, i'faith, Bird, betwixt you and I,
I am beholding for bettering of my knowledge.

Guard. Nay, you shall know more of me, if you'll be rul'd,
But make not things common.

Cun. Ud' so, your Lady!

Guard. I, 'tis no matter, she'll like well of this,
Our Familiarity is her Content.

Enter Neice and Clown.

Neice. This Present from Sir *Gregory?*

Clown. From my Master, the Worshipful, right Sir *Gregory Fop.*

Neice. A Ruff? and what might be his high Conceit
Intending of a Ruff?

Clown. I think he had two Conceits in it Forsooth, too high too low, Ruff high, because as the Ruff does embrace your Neck all Day, so does he desire to throw his Knightly Arms.

Neice. But then I leave him off a-nights.

Clown. Why then he is Ruff low, a Ruffian, a bold adventurous Errand to do any rough Service for his Lady.

Neice. A witty and unhappy Conceit; does he mean
As he seems to say unto that Reverence? [*Toward* Cun.
He does wooe her sure.

Clown. To tell you truth, Lady, his Conceit was far better than I have blaz'd it yet.

Neice. Do you think so, Sir?

Clown. Nay, I know it, Forsooth, for it was two days e'er he compass'd it, to find a fitting Present for your Ladyship, he was sending once a very fine Puppy to you.

Neice. And that he would have brought himself.

Clown. So he would indeed, but then he alter'd his Device, and sent this Ruff, requesting withal, that whensoever it is foul, you (with your own Hands) would bestow the starching of it.

Neice. Else she wooes him, now his Eyes shoot this way;
And what was the Reason for that, Sir? [*Toward* Cun.

Clown. There lies his main Conceit, Lady; for says he, in so doing she cannot chuse but in the starching to clap it often between her Hands, and so she gives a great Liking and Applause to my Present; whereas, if I should send a Puppy, she ever calls it to her with hist, hiss, hiss, which is a fearful disgrace; he drew the Device from a Play at the *Bull*, t'other Day.

Neice. Ay marry, Sir, this was a rich Conceit indeed.

Clown. And far fetch'd, therefore good for you, Lady.

Guard. How now? which way look you, Bird?

Cun. At the Fool, Bird, shall I not look at the Fool?

Guard. At the Fool, and I here? what need that? pray look this way.

Neice.

Neice. I'll fit him aptly, either I'll awake
His Wits (if he have any;) or force him
To appear (as yet I cannot think him)
Without any. Sirrah, tell me one thing true
That I ſhall ask you now; Was this Device
Your Maſter's own? I doubt his Wit in it;
He's not ſo ingenious.

Clown. His own, I aſſure you, Madam.

Neice. Nay, you muſt not lye.

Clown. Not with a Lady? I'd rather lye with you, than lye with my Maſter, by your Leave, in ſuch a Caſe as this.

Guard. Yet again your Eye?

Cun. The Fool makes Mirth i'faith,
I would hear ſome.

Guard. Come, you ſhall hear none but me.

Neice. Come hither, Friend, nay, come nearer me; did thy Maſter ſend thee to me? He may be wiſe, but did not ſhew it much in that; Men ſometimes may wrong themſelves unawares, when they leaſt think on't; was *Vulcan* ever ſo unwiſe to ſend *Mars* to be his Spokeſman, when he went a wooing? Send thee? Hey-ho, a pretty rowling Eye.

Clown. I can turn up the white and the black too, and need be' Forſooth.

Neice. Why, here's an amorous Noſe.

Clown. You ſee the worſt of my Noſe, Forſooth.

Neice. A Cheek, how I could put it now in Dalliance; a pair of Lips, oh that we were uney'd, I could ſuck Sugar from 'em; what a Beard's here? When will the Knight thy Maſter have ſuch a Stamp of Manhood on his Face? Nay, do not bluſh.

Clown. 'Tis nothing but my Fleſh and Blood that riſes ſo.

Cun. 'Death, ſhe courts the Fool.

Guard. Away, away, 'tis Sport, do not mind it.

Neice. Give me thy Hand, come be familiar;
Here's a promiſing Palm; what a ſoft
Handful of Pleaſure's here, here's Down compar'd
With Flocks and quilted Straw, thy Knight's Fingers
Are lean Mattrice Rubbers to theſe Feathers,
I prithee let me lean my Cheek upon't.
What a ſoft Pillow's here?

Clown. Hum, umh, hu, hum.

Neice. Why there's a Courage in that lively Paſſion,
Meaſure thee all o'er; there's not a Limb
But has his full Proportion, it is my Voice,
There's no compare betwixt the Knight and thee,
The goodlier Man behalf, at once now
I ſee thee all over.

Clown. If you had seen me swim t'other day on my Back, you would have said you had seen; there was two Chambermaids that saw me, and my Legs by chance were tangled in the Flags, and when they saw how I was hang'd, they cry'd out, Oh help the Man for fear he be drown'd,

Neice. They could do no less in pity; come, thine Arm, we'll walk together.

Cun. Blindness of Love and Women, why she doats upon the Fool.

Guard. What's that to you, mind her not.

Cun. Away you Burr.

Guard. How's that?

Cun. Hang off Fleshhook, fasten thine itchy claspe
On some dry Toad-stool, that will kindle with thee,
And burn together.

Guard. Oh abominable,
Why do you not love me?

Cun. No, never did;
I took thee down a little way
To enforce a Vomit from my offended Stomach,
Now thou'rt up again, I loath thee filthily.

Guard. Oh Villain.

Cun. Why dost thou not see a sight,
Would make a Man abjure the sight of Women.

Neice. Ha, ha, ha, he's vext; ha, ha, ha.

Clown. Ha, ha, ha.

Neice. Why dost thou laugh?

Clown. Because thou laugh'st, nothing else i'faith.

Cun. She has but mockt my folly, else she finds not
The Bosom of my purpose, some other way,
Must make me know; I'll try her, and may chance quit
The fine dexterity of her Lady-wit. [*Exit.*

Neice. Yes in troth, I laught to think of thy Master
Now, what he would think if he knew this?

Clown. By my troth I laugh at him too, faith Sirrah, he's but a Fool to say the Truth, though I say't that should not say't.

Neice. Yet, thou should'st say truth, and I believe thee;
Well, for this time we'll part, you perceive something,
Our Tongues betray our Hearts, there's our weakness,
But pray be silent.

Clown. As Mouse in Cheese, or Goose in Hay i'faith.

Neice. Look, we are cut off, there's my Hand where my Lips would be.

Clown. I'll wink, and think 'em thy Lips, farewel. [*Exit.*

Neice. Now Guardianess, I need not ask where you have been.

Guard. Oh Lady, never was Woman so abus'd.

Enter

Enter Clown.

Clown. Doſt thou hear, Lady, Sweet-heart, I had forgot to tell thee, if you will, I will come back in the Evening.

Neice. By no means; come not 'till I ſend for you.

Clown. If there be any need, you may think of things when I am gone, I may be convey'd into your Chamber, I'll lye under the Bed while Midnight, or ſo, or you ſhall put me up in one of your little Boxes, I can creep in at a ſmall hole.

Neice. Theſe are things I dare not venture, I charge you on my Love, never come 'till I ſend for you.

Clown. Verbum inſapienti, 'tis enough to the wiſe, nor I think it is not fit the Knight ſhould know any thing yet.

Neice. By no means, pray you go now, we are ſuſpected.

Clown. For the things that are paſt, let us uſe our Secrets.

Neice. Now I'll make a firm tryal of your Love,
As you love me, not a word more at this time,
Not a Syllable, 'tis the Seal of Love, take heed.

Clown. Hum, hum, hum, hum———
He hums loath to depart. [*Exit Clown.*

Neice. So, this pleaſant trouble's gone; now Guardianeſs.
What, your Eyes eaſing your Heart? the cauſe, Woman?

Guard. The Cauſe is falſe Man, Madam; oh Lady,
I have been gull'd in a ſhining Carbuncle,
A very Glo-worm, that I thought had fire in't,
And 'tis as cold as Ice.

Neice. And juſtly ſerv'd,
Wouldſt thou once think that ſuch an early Spring
Would dote upon thy Autumn?

Guard. Oh, had you heard him but proteſt.

Neice. I would not have believ'd him.
Thou might'ſt have perceiv'd how I mock'd thy Folly,
In wanton Imitation with the Fool.
Go weep the Sin of thy Credulity,
Not of thy Loſs, for it was never thine,
And it is gain to miſs it; wert thou ſo dull?
Nay, yet thou'rt ſtupid and uncapable.
Why, thou wert but the Bait to fiſh with, not
The Prey, the ſtale to catch another Bird with.

Guard. Indeed he call'd me Bird.

Neice. Yet thou perceiv'ſt not,
It is your Neice he loves; wouldſt thou be made
A ſtalking Jade? 'tis ſhe, examine it.
I'll hurry all away, and tread my Path
Over unbeaten Grounds, go level to the Mark,
Not by circular bouts, rare things are pleaſing,
And rare's but ſeldom in the ſimple Senſe,

Exe.

But has her *Emphaſis* with Eminence. [*Exit.*

Guard. My Neice? ſhe the Rival of my abuſe?
My Fleſh and Blood wrong me? I'll Aunt her for't;

Enter Mirabel

Oh Opportunity, thou bleſſeſt me.
Now Gentlewoman, are you parted ſo ſoon?
Where's your Friend, I pray? your *Cunningham*?

Mir. What ſay you, Aunt?

Guard. Come, come, your *Cuuningham*?
I am not blind with Age, yet, nor deaf.

Mir. Dumb I am ſure you are not; what ail you, Aunt?
Are not you well?

Guard. No, nor ſick, nor mad, nor in my wits, nor ſleeping, nor waking, nor nothing, nor any thing; I know not what I am, nor what I am not.

Mir. Mercy cover us, what do you mean, Aunt?

Guard. I mean to be reveng'd.

Mir. On whom?

Guard. On thee Baggage.

Mir. Revenge ſhould follow Injury,
Which never reach'd ſo far as Thought in me
Towards you, Aunt.

Guard. Your cunning, Minion,
Nor your *Cunningham*; can either blind me.
The gentle Beggar loves you. *Mir.* Beſeech you,
Let me ſtay your Error, I begin to hear,
And ſhake off my Amazement; if you think
That ever any Paſſage treating Love
Hath been betwixt us yet commenc'd, any
Silent Eye-Glance that might but ſparkle Fire,
So much as Brother and Siſter might meet with,
The Lip-ſalute, ſo much as Strangers might
Take a Farewel with, the commixed Hands,
Nay, but the leaſt Thought of the leaſt of theſe;
In troth you wrong your Boſome, by that Truth
Which I think yet you durſt be Bail for in me,
If it were offer'd ye; I am as free
As all this Proteſtation. *Guard.* May I believe this?

Mir. If ever you'll believe Truth; Why, I thought he had ſpoke Love to you, and if his Heart prompted his Tongue, ſure I did hear ſo much.

Guard. Oh falſeſt Man, *Ixion*'s Plague fell on me,
Never by Woman, ſuch a Maſculine Cloud,
So airy and ſo ſubtile was embrac'd.

Mir. By no cauſe in me, by my Life, dear Aunt.

Guard. I believe you, then help in my Revenge,

And

And you ſhall do't, or loſe my Love for ever,
I'll have him quitted at his equal Weapon;
Thou art young, follow him, bait his Deſires
With all the Engines of a Woman's Wit,
Stretch Modeſty even to the higheſt Pitch;
He cannot freeze at ſuch a flaming Beauty;
And when thou haſt him by th' amorous Gills,
Think on my Vengeance, choak up his Deſires,
Then let his Banquetings be *Tantaliſme.*
Let thy Diſdain ſpurn the Diſſembler out;
Oh I ſhould climb my Stars, and ſit above,
To ſee him burn to Aſhes in his Love.

Mir. This will be a ſtrange Taſte, Aunt, and an Unwilling Labour, yet in your Injunction I am a Servant to't. *Guard.* Thou'lt undertake't?

Mir. Yes, let the Succeſs commend it ſelf hereafter.

Guard. Effect it Girl, my Subſtance is thy Store.
Nothing but want of Will makes Woman poor. [*Exe.*

Enter Sir Gregory, *and Clown.*

Sir Greg. Why *Pompey*, thou art not ſtark mad, art thou? Wilt thou not tell me how my Lady does?

Clown. Your Lady?

Sir Greg. Did ſhe receive the thing that I ſent her kindly, or no?

Clown. The thing that you ſent her, Knight, by the thing that you ſent, was for the thing's ſake that was ſent to carry the thing that you ſent, very kindly receiv'd; firſt there is your Indenture, now go ſeek you a Servant: Secondly, you are a Knight; thirdly and laſtly, I am mine own Man; and fourthly, fare you well.

Sir Greg. Why *Pompey*? Prethee let me ſpeak with thee, I'll lay my Life ſome Hare has croſt him.

Clown. Knight, if you be a Knight, ſo keep you; as for the Lady, who ſhall ſay that ſhe is not a fair Lady, a ſweet Lady, an honeſt and a virtuous Lady, I will ſay he is a baſe Fellow, a blab of his Tongue, and I will make him eat theſe Fingers Ends.

Sir Greg. Why, here's no Body ſays ſo, *Pompey.*

Clown. Whatſoever things have paſt between the Lady and the other Party, whom I will not name at this time, I ſay ſhe is virtuous and honeſt, and I will maintain it, as long as I can maintain my ſelf with Bread and Water.

Sir Greg. Why I know no Body thinks otherwiſe.

Clown. Any Man that does but think it in my hearing, I will make him think on't while he has a Thought in his Boſom; ſhall we ſay that Kindneſſes from Ladies are common? Or that Favours and Proteſtations are things of no Moment betwixt Parties and Parties? I ſay ſtill, whatſoever has been betwixt the Lady and the Party, which

I will not name, that ſhe is honeſt, and ſhall be honeſt, whatſoever ſhe does by Day or by Night, by Light or by Darkneſs, with cut and long Tail.

Sir Greg. Why, I ſay ſhe is honeſt.

Clown. Is ſhe honeſt? In what Senſe do you ſay ſhe is honeſt, Knight?

Sir Greg. If I could not find in my Heart to throw my Dagger at thy Head, Hilts and all, I'm an Aſs, and no Gentleman.

Clown. Throw your Dagger at me! Do not Knight, I give you fair Warning, 'tis but caſt away if you do, for you ſhall have no other Words of me; the Lady is an honeſt Lady, whatſoever Reports may go of Sports and Toys, and Thoughts and Words, and Deeds, betwixt her and the Party which I will not name; this I give you to underſtand, That another Man may have as good an Eye, as amorous a Noſe, as fair a ſtampt Beard, and be as proper a Man as a Knight, (I name no parties) a Servingman may be as good as a Sir, a *Pompey* as a *Gregory*, a *Doodle* as a *Fop*; ſo Servingman *Pompey Doodle* may be reſpected as well with Ladies, (though I name no Parties) as Sir *Gregory Fop*; ſo farewel. [*Exit.*

Sir Greg. If the Fellow be not out of his Wits, then will I never have any more Wit while I live; either the Sight of the Lady has gaſter'd him, or elſe he's drunk, or elſe he walks in his Sleep, or elſe's a Fool, or a Knave, or both, one of the three I'm ſure 'tis; yet now I think on't ſhe has not us'd me ſo kindly as her Uncle promis'd me ſhe ſhould; but that's all one, he ſays I ſhall have her, and I dare take his Word for the beſt Worſe I have, and that's a weightier thing than a Lady, I'm ſure on't. [*Exit.*

Enter Lady Ruinous *(as a Man)* Witty-Pate, *Sir* Ruinous Priſcian, *and Maſter* Credulous, *binding and robbing her, and in Scarfs.* Credulous *finds the Bag.*

L. Ruin. Nay, I am your own, 'tis in your Pleaſure
How you'll deal with me; yet I would intreat,
You will not make that which is bad enough,
Worſe than it need be, by a ſecond Ill,
When it can render you no ſecond Profit;
If it be Coin you ſeek, you have your Prey,
All my Store I vow, (and it weighs a hundred,)
My Life, or any Hurt you give my Body,
Can inrich you no more. *Witty.* You may purſue.

L. Ruin. As I am a Gentleman, I never will.

Witty. Only we'll bind you to quiet Behaviour
'Till you call out for Bail, and on th'other
Side of the Hedge leave you; but keep the Peace
'Till we be out of hearing, for by that
We ſhall be out of Danger; if we come back
We come with a Miſchief. *L. Ruin.* You need not fear me.

Priſ. Come, we'll beſtow you then. [*Exe.* Ruin. Priſ. *and Lady.*

Witty.

Witty. Why law you, Sir, is not this a ſwifter Revenue than *Sic probas, ergo's & igitur's* can bring-in? Why is not this one of your Syllogiſmes in *Barbara*? *Omne utile eſt honeſtum.*

Cred. Well, Sir, a little more of this Acquaintance
Will make me know you fully, I proteſt
You have (at firſt ſight) made me conſcious
Of ſuch a Deed my Dreams ne'er prompted, yet
I could almoſt have wiſh'd rather ye'ad robb'd me
Of my Cloak, (or my Purſe, 'tis a Scholar's)
Than to have made me a Robber.
I had rather have anſwer'd three difficult Queſtions,
Than this one, as eaſie as yet it ſeems.

Witty. Tuſh, you ſhall never come to farther anſwer for't;
Can you confeſs your penurious Uncle,
In his full Face of Love, to be ſo ſtrict
A Niggard to your Commons, that you are fain
To ſize your Belly out with Shoulder Fees?
With Rumps and Kidnies, and Cues of ſingle Beer,
And yet make *Daymy* to feed more daintily,
At this eaſier Rate? Fie Maſter *Credulous*,
I bluſh for you. *Cred.* This is a Truth undeniable.

Witty. Why go to then, I hope I know your Uncle,
How does he uſe his Son, nearer than you?

Cred. Faith, like his Jade, upon the bare Commons,
Turn'd out to pick his living as he can get it;
He would have been glad to have ſhar'd in ſuch
A Purchaſe, and thank'd his good Fortune too.

Enter Ruinous *and* Priſcian.

But mum no more——is all ſafe, Bullies?

Ruin. Secure, the Gentleman thinks himſelf moſt happy in his Loſs,
With his ſafe Life and Limbs, and redoubles
His firſt Vow, as he is a Gentleman,
Never to purſue us. *Wit.* Well away then,
Diſperſe you with Maſter *Credulous*, who ſtill
Shall bear the Purchaſe, *Priſcian* and I
Will take ſome other Courſe: You know our Meeting
At the *three Cups* in St. *Giles*'s, with this *Proviſo*,
(For 'tis a Law with us) that nothing be open'd
'Till all be perſent, the Loſer ſays a hundred,
And it can weigh no leſs.

Ruin. Come, Sir, we'll be your Guide.

Cred. My Honeſty, which 'till now was never forfeited,
All ſhall be cloſe 'till our Meeting. [*Exe.* Cred. *and* Ruin.

Witty. Tuſh, I believe't,
And then all ſhall out; where's the Thief that's robb'd?

Enter Lady Ruinous.

L. Ruin. Here, Master *Oldcraft*, all follows now.

Witty. 'Twas neatly done, Wench, now to turn that Bag of Counterfeits to current Pieces, *& actum est.*

L. Ruin. You are the *Chymist*, we'll blow the Fire still, If you can mingle the Ingredient.

Witty. I will not miss a Cause, a Quantity, a Dram; You know the Place. *Prif.* I have told her that, Sir.

Witty. Good, turn *Ruinous* to be a Constable, I'm sure We want not Beards of all sorts, from the Worshipful Magistrate to the under Watchman; Because we must have no Danger of Life, But a cleanly Cheat, attach *Credulous*, The Cause is plain, the Theft found about him; Then fall I in his own Cousin's Shape By meer Accident, where finding him distrest, I with some Difficulty must fetch him off, With Promise that his Uncle shall shut up all With double Restitution: Master Constable, *Ruinous*, His Mouth shall be stopt; you Mistress rob-thief, Shall have your share of what we can gull my Father of; Is't plain enough?

L. Ruin. As plain a Cozenage as can be, faith.

Witty. Father, I come again, and again, when this Is past too, Father, one will beget another; I'd be loath to leave your Posterity barren; You were best come to Composition, Father; Two hundred Pieces yearly allow me yet, It will be the cheaper, Father, than my Wit, For I will cheat none but you, dear Father. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Old Knight *and Sir* Gregory.

Old K. WHY now you take the Course, Sir *Gregory Fop*: I could inforce her, and I list; but Love That's gently won, is a Man's own for ever; Have you prepar'd good Musick?

Sir Greg. As fine a Noise, Uncle, as Heart can wish.

Old K. Why that's done like a Suitor, They must be woo'd a hundred several Ways, Before you obtain the right way in a Woman, 'Tis an odd Creature, full of Creeks and Windings,

The

The Serpent has not more; for ſh'as all his,
And then her own beſide came in by her Mother.
Sir Greg. A fearful Portion for a Man to venture on.
Old K. But the way found once by the Wits of Men,
There is no Creature lyes ſo tame again.
Sir Greg. I promiſe you, not a Houſe-Rabbit, Sir.
Old K. No ſucker on them all. *Sir Greg.* What a thing's that?
They're pretty Fools I warrant, when they're tame,
As a Man can lay his Lips to.
Old K. How were you bred, Sir?
Did you never make a Fool of a Tenant's Daughter?
Sir Greg. Never i'faith, they ha' made ſome Fools for me,
And brought 'em many a time under their Aprons.
Old K. They could not ſhew you the way plainlier, I think,
To make a Fool again. *Sir Greg.* There's Fools enough, Sir,
'Leſs they were wiſer. *Old K.* This is wondrous rare.
Come you to *London* with a Maiden-head, Knight?
A Gentleman of your Rank ride with a Cloak-bag?
Never an Hoſteſs by the way to leave it with?
Nor Tapſter's Siſter? Nor Head Oſtler's Wife?
What, no Body?
Sir Greg. Well mock'd, old Wit-monger,
I keep it for your Neice.
Old K. Do not ſay ſo for ſhame, ſhe'll laugh at thee;
A Wife ne'er looks for't, 'tis a Batchelor's Penny,
He may give't to a Beggar-wench, i'th' Progreſs time,
And ne'er be call'd to account for't. [*Exit.*
Sir Greg. Would I had known ſo much,
I could ha' ſtopt a Beggar's Mouth by th' way
Enter Page and Fidler's Boy.
That rail'd upon me, 'cauſe I'd give her nothing——
What, are they come? *Page.* And plac'd directly, Sir,
Under her Window.
Sir Greg. What may I call you, Gentleman?
Boy. A poor Servant to the Viol, I'm the Voice, Sir.
Sir Greg. In good time, Maſter *Voice*?
Boy. Indeed good time does get the Maſtery.
Sir Greg. What Countryman, Maſter *Voice*?
Boy. Sir, born at *Ely*, we all ſet up in *Ela*,
But our Houſe commonly breaks in *Rutlandſhire*.
Sir Greg. A ſhrewd Place by my Faith, it may well break your Voice,
It breaks many a Man's Back; come, ſet to your Buſineſs.

SONG.

SONG.

Fain would I wake you, Sweet, but fear
I should invite you to worse Cheer;
In your Dreams you cannot fare
Meaner than Musick; no compare;
None of your Slumbers are compil'd
Under the Pleasure makes a Child;
Your Day-delights, so well compact,
That what you think, turns all to act:
I'd wish my Life no better Play,
Your Dream by Night, your Thought by Day.
Wake gently, wake,
Part softly from your Dreams;
The Morning flies
To your fair Eyes,
To take her special Beams.

Sir Greg. I hear her up; here Master *Voice*,
Pay you the Instruments, save what you can,
Enter Neice above.
To keep you when you're crackt. [*Exit Boy.*
Neice. Who should this be,
That I'm so much beholding to, for sweetness?
Pray Heav'n it happens right. *Sir Greg.* Good morrow, Mistress.
Neice. An ill Day and a thousand come upon thee.
Sir Greg. 'Light, that's six hundred more than any Almanack has.
Neice Comes it from thee? it is the mangiest Musick
That ever Woman heard. *Sir Greg.* Nay, say not so, Lady,
There's not an itch about 'em. *Neice.* I could curse
My attentive Powers, for giving entrance to't;
There is no boldness like the Impudence
That's lockt in a Fool's Blood; how durst you do this?
In Conscience I abus'd you as sufficiently
As Woman could a Man; insatiate Coxcomb,
The Mocks and spiteful Language I have given thee,
Would o' my Life ha' serv'd ten reasonable Men,
And rise contented too, and left enough for their Friends.
Thou Glutton at Abuses, never satisfied?
I am perswaded thou devour'st more flouts
Than all thy Body's worth, and still a hungred!
A mischief of that Maw, prethee seek elsewhere,
In troth I am weary of abusing thee;
Get thee a fresh Mistress, thou'dst make work enough;
I do not think there's Scorn enough in Town

To ſerve thy turn, take the Court-Ladies in,
And all their Women to 'em, that exceed 'em.
Sir Greg. Is this in earneſt, Lady? *Neice.* Oh unſatiable!
Doſt thou count all this but an Earneſt yet?
I'd thought I'd paid thee all the whole Sum, truſt me;
Thou'lt beggar my Deriſion utterly
If thou ſtay'ſt longer, I ſhall want a Laugh:
If I knew where to borrow a Contempt
Would hold thee tack, ſtay and be hang'd, thou ſhould'ſt then:
But thou'ſt no Conſcience now to extort hate from me,
When one has ſpent all ſhe can make upon thee;
Muſt I begin to pay thee hire again,
After I have rid thee twice? faith 'tis unreaſonable.
Sir Greg. Say you ſo? I'll know that preſently. [*Exit.*
Neice. Now he runs
To fetch my Uncle to this muſty Bargain,
But I have better ware always at hand.
And lay by this ſtill, when he comes to cheapen.
Enter Cunningham.
Cun. I met the Muſick now, yet cannot learn
What Entertainment he receiv'd from her.
Neice. There's ſome Body ſet already, I muſt to't, I ſee
Well, well, Sir *Gregory*? *Cun.* Ha, Sir *Gregory*?
Neice. Where-e'er you come, you may well boaſt your Conqueſt.
Cun. She's loſt i'faith, enough, has Fortune then
Remembred her great Boy? ſhe ſeldom fails 'em.
Neice. H'was the unlikelieſt Man at firſt, methought,
To have my Love, we never met but wrangled.
Cun. A pox upon that wrangling, ſay I ſtill,
I never knew it fail yet, where-e'er't came;
It never comes but like a Storm of Hail,
'Tis ſure to bring fine weather at the Tail on't,
There's not one match 'mongſt twenty made without it,
It fights i'th' Tongue, but ſure to agree i'th' Haunches.
Neice. That Man that ſhould ha' told me when time was,
I ſhould ha' had him, had been laugh'd at piteouſly,
But ſee how things will change?
Cun. Here's a Heart feels it —— Oh the deceitful promiſes of (Love!
What truſt ſhould a Man put i'th' Lip of Woman?
She kiſs'd me with that ſtrength, as if ſh'ad meant
To ha' ſet the fair print of her Soul upon me.
Neice. I would ha' ſworn 'twould ne'er ha' been a Match once.
Cun. I'll hear no more, I'm mad to hear ſo much,
Why ſhould I aim my Thoughts at better fortunes
Than younger Brothers have? that's a Maid with nothing,
Or ſome old Soap-boiler's Widow, without Teeth,

There

There waits my Fortune for me; seek no farther. [*Exit* Gun.

Enter Old Knight, and Sir Gregory.

Old K. You tell me things, Sir *Gregory*, that cannot be,
She will not, nor she dares not.

Sir Greg. Would I were whipt then.

Neice. I'll make as little shew of love, Sir *Gregory*,
As ever Woman did, you shall not know
You have my Heart a good while. *Old K.* Heard you that?

Neice. Man will insult so soon, 'tis his condition,
'Tis good to keep him off as long as we can,
I've much ado I swear; and love i'th' end
Will have his course, let Maids do what they can,
They are but frail things 'till they end in Man.

Old K. What say you to this, Sir?

Sir Greg. This is somewhat handsome.

Neice. And by that little wrangling that I feign'd,
Now I shall try how constant his Love is,
Although't went sore against my Heart to chide him.

Sir Greg. Alas poor Gentlewoman.

Old K. Now you're sure of Truth,
You hear her own Thoughts speak. *Sir Greg.* They speak indeed.

Old K. Go, you're a brainless Coax, a Toy, a Fop,
I'll go no farther than your Name, Sir *Gregory*,
I'll right my self there; were you from this Place,
You should perceive I'm heartily angry with you;
Offer to sow strife 'twixt my Neice and I?
Good morrow, Neice, good morrow.

Neice. Many fair ones to you, Sir.

Old K. Go, you're a Coxcomb. How dost Neice, this Morning?
An idle shallow Fool: Sleep'st thou well, Girl?
Fortune may very well provide thee Lordships,
For Honesty has left thee little Manners.

Sir Greg. How am I bang'd o' both sides?

Old K. Abuse kindness? Will't take the Air to day, Neice?

Neice. When you please, Sir,
There stands the Heir behind you I must take,
(Which I'd as lieve take as take him, I swear.)

Old K. La' you; do you hear't continued to your Teeth now?
A pox of all such *Gregories*; what a hand
Have I with you? [*Neice lets fall her Scarf.*

Sir Greg. No more i'feck, I ha' done, Sir:
Lady, your Scarf's fall'n down.

Neice. 'Tis but your luck, Sir,
And does presage the Mistress must fall shortly;
You may wear it, and you please.

Old K. There's a trick for you,

You're

You're parlouſly belov'd, you ſhould complain.
Sir Greg. Yes when I complain, Sir,
Then do your worſt, there I'll deceive you, Sir.
Old K. You are a Dolt, and ſo I leave you, Sir. [*Exit.*
Sir Greg. Ah Sirrah, Miſtreſs were you caught, i'faith?
We overheard you all; I muſt not know
I have your Heart, take heed o'that, I pray,
I knew ſome Scarf would come.
Neice. He's quite gone ſure:
Ah you baſe Coxcomb, couldſt thou come again?
And ſo abus'd as thou waſt?
Sir Greg. How? *Neice.* 'Twould ha' kill'd
A ſenſible Man, he would ha' gone to his Chamber
And broke his Heart, by this time.
Sir Greg. Thank you heartily.
Neice. Or fixt a naked Rapier in a Wall;
Like him that earn'd his Knighthood e'er he had it,
And then refus'd upon't, ran up to th' Hilts.
Sir Greg. Yes, let him run for me, I was never brought up to't,
I never profeſs'd running i' my Life.
Neice. What art thou made on? thou tough villainous Vermin,
Will nothing deſtroy thee?
Sir Greg. Yes, yes, aſſure your ſelf
Unkind Words may do much.
Neice. Why, doſt thou want 'em?
I've e'en conſum'd my Spleen to help thee to 'em:
Tell me what ſort of words they be would ſpeed thee?
I'll ſee what I can do yet.
Sir Greg. I'm much beholding to you,
You're willing to beſtow huge pains upon me.
Neice. I ſhould account nothing too much to rid thee.
Sir Greg. I wonder you'd not offer to deſtroy me,
All the while your Uncle was here.
Neice. Why there thou betray'ſt thy Houſe; we of the *Old-Crafts*
Were born to more Wit than ſo.
Sir Greg. I wear your Favour here.
Neice. Would it might rot thy Arm off: If thou knew'ſt
With what contempt thou haſt it, what Heart's bitterneſs,
How many cunning Curſes came along with it,
Thou'dſt quake to handle it.
Sir Greg. A pox, take't again then;
Who'd be thus plagu'd of all Hands? *Neice.* No, wear't ſtill,
But long I hope thou ſhalt not, 'tis but caſt
Upon thee, purpoſely to ſerve another
That has more right to't; as in ſome Countries they convey
Their Treaſure upon Aſſes to their Friends;

If mine be but ſo wiſe, and apprehenſive,
As my Opinion gives him to my Heart,
It ſtays not long on thy deſertleſs Arm;
I'll make thee, e'er I ha' done, not dare to wear
Any thing of mine, although I give't thee freely;
Kiſs it you may, and make what ſhew you can,
But ſure you carry't to a worthier Man,
And ſo good morrow to you. [*Exit.*

Sir Greg. Hu hum, ha hum;
I han't the Spirit now to daſh my Brains out,
Nor the Audacity to kill my ſelf,
But I could cry my Heart out, that's as good,
For ſo't be out, no matter which way it comes,
If I can dye with a fillip, or depart
At hot-cockles, what's that to any Man?
If there be ſo much Death that ſerves my turn there.
Every one knows the ſtate of his own Body,
No Carrion kills a Kite, but then again
There's Cheeſe will choak a Daw; time I were dead i'faith,
If I knew which way, without hurt or danger.
I am a Maiden-Knight, and cannot look
Upon a naked Weapon with any Modeſty,
Elſe 'twould go hard with me, and to complain
To Sir *Perfidious* the old Knight again,
Were to be more abus'd; perhaps he would beat me well,
But ne'er believe me.

Enter Cunningham.

And few Men dye o' beating, that were loſt too:
Oh, here's my Friend, I'll make my moan to him.

Cun. I cannot tear her Memory from my Heart,
That treads mine down; was ever Man ſo fool'd
That profeſs'd Wit?

Sir Greg. O *Cunningham*? *Cun.* Sir *Gregory*?
The Choice, the Victor, the Town's happy Man?

Sir Greg. 'Snigs, What doſt mean? come I to thee for Comfort,
And doſt abuſe me too? *Cun.* Abuſe you? How, Sir?
With juſtifying your Fortune, and your Joys?

Sir Greg. Pray hold your hand, Sir, I've been bob'd enough,
You come with a new way now; ſtrike me merrily,
But when a Man's ſore beaten o' both ſides already,
Then the leaſt tap in Jeſt goes to the Guts on him.
Wilt ha' the Truth? I'm made the rankeſt Aſs
That e'er was born to Lordſhips. *Cun.* What? no Sir?

Sir Greg. I had not thought my Body could a' yielded
All thoſe foul ſcurvy Names that ſhe has call'd me,
I wonder whence ſhe fetch'd 'em. *Cun.* Is this credible?

Sir Greg.

Sir Greg. She pin'd this Scarf upon me afore her Uncle;
But his Back turn'd, ſhe curs'd me ſo for wearing on't,
The very brawn of mine Arm has ak'd ever ſince,
Yet in a manner forc'd me to wear't ſtill,
But hop'd I ſhould not long; if good Luck ſerve
I ſhould meet one that has more Wit and Worth
Should take it from me, 'twas but lent to me,
And ſent to him for a Token.

Cun. I conceit it, I know the Man
That lies in wait for't, part with't by all means,
In any caſe, you are way-laid about it.

Sir Greg. How Sir, way-laid? *Cun.* Pox of a Scarf, ſay I,
I prize my Friend's Life 'bove a Million on 'em,
You ſhall be rul'd, Sir, I know more than you.

Sir Greg. If you know more than I, let me be rid on't,
'Laſs, 'tis not for my wearing, ſo ſhe told me.

Cun. No, no, give me't, the Knave ſhall miſs his purpoſe,
And you ſhall live. *Sir Greg.* I would as long as I could, Sir.

Cun. No more Replies, you ſhall, I'll prevent this,
Pompey ſhall march without it. *Sir Greg.* What, is't he?
My Man that was? *Cun.* Call him your deadly Enemy;
You give him too fair a Name, you deal too nobly,
He bears a bloody Mind, a cruel Foe, Sir;
I care not if he heard me.

Sir Greg. But, do you hear, Sir?
Can't ſound with Reaſon ſhe ſhould affect him?

Cun. Do you talk of Reaſon? I never thought to have heard
Such a Word come from you. Reaſon in Love?
Would you give that no Doctor could e'er give?
Has not a Deputy married his Cook Maid?
An Alderman's Widow, one that was her Turn-broach?
Nay, has not a great Lady brought her Stable
Into her Chamber: Lay with her Horſe-keeper?

Sir Greg. Did ever Love play ſuch Jades tricks, Sir?

Cun. Oh thouſands, thouſands; beware a ſturdy Clown e'er while you live, Sir;
'Tis like a Huſwifery in moſt Shires about us;
You ſhall ha' Farmers Widows wed thin Gentlemen
Much like your ſelf, but put 'em to no ſtreſs:
What work can they do, with ſmall Trap-ſtick Legs,
They keep Clowns to ſtop Gaps and drive in Pegs,
A drudgery fit for Hinds; e'en back again, Sir,
You're ſafeſt at returning. *Sir Greg.* Think you ſo, Sir?

Cun. But how came this Clown to be call'd *Pompey* firſt?

Sir Greg. Puſh, one Goodman *Cæſar*, a Pump-maker, kerſen'd him;
Pompey he writes himſelf, but his right Name's *Pumpey*,

And ſtunk too when I had him, now he's crank.
Cun. I'm glad I know ſo much to quell his Pride, Sir.
Walk you ſtill that way. I'll make uſe of this
To reſolve all my Doubts, and place this Favour
On ſome new Miſtreſs, only for a try,
And if it meet my Thoughts, I'll ſwear 'tis I. [*Exit.*
Sir Greg. Is *Pompey* grown ſo malepert, ſo frampel?
The only cutter about Ladies Honours?
Enter Old Knight.
And his blade ſooneſt out?
Old K. Now, what's the News, Sir?
Sir Greg. I dare not ſay but good, oh excellent good, Sir.
Old K. I hope now you're reſolv'd ſhe loves you, Knight?
Sir Greg. Cuds me, what elſe, Sir? that's not to do now.
Old K. You would not think how deſperately you anger'd me,
When you bely'd her Goodneſs, oh you vext me
Even to a Palſey.
Sir Greg. What a thing was that, Sir?
Enter Neice.
Neice. 'Tis, that 'tis; as I have hope of Sweetneſs, the Scarf's (gone;
Worthy wiſe Friend, I doat upon thy cunning,
We two ſhall be well match'd, our Iſſue Male ſure
Will be born Counſellors; is't poſſible?
Thou ſhalt have another token out of hand for't;
Nay, ſince the way's found, pity thou ſhould'ſt want, i'faith;
O my beſt joy and deareſt. *Old K.* Well ſaid, Neice,
So violent 'fore your Uncle? What will you do
In ſecret then? *Sir Greg* Marry call me Slave and Raſcal.
Neice Your Scarf—the Scarf I gave you——
Old K. Maſs that's true, Neice,
I ne'er thought upon that; the Scarf ſhe gave you——Sir,
What Dumb? No Anſwer from you? the Scarf?
Sir Greg. I was way-laid about it, my Life threatened;
Life's Life, Scarf's but a Scarf, and ſo I parted from't.
Neice. Unfortunate Woman! My firſt Favour too?
Old K. Will you be ſtill an Aſs? no Reconcilement
'Twixt you and Wit? Are you ſo far fallen out
You'll never come together? I tell you true,
I'm very louſily aſham'd on you,
That's the worſt ſhame that can be:
Thus baiting on him: Now his Heart's hook'd in,
I'll make him, e'er I ha' done, take her with nothing.
I love a Man that lives by his Wits alive;
Nay leave, ſweet Neice, 'tis but a Scarf, let it go.
Neice. The going of it never grieves me, Sir,
It is the manner, the manner——

Sir Greg.

Sir Greg. O diſſembling Marmaſet! If I durſt ſpeak,
Or could be believ'd when I ſpeak,
What a Tale could I tell, to make Hair ſtand upright now?
Neice. Nay, Sir, at your Requeſt you ſhall perceive, Uncle,
With what renewing Love I forgive this:
Here's a fair Diamond, Sir, I'll try how long
You can keep that?
Sir Greg. Not very long, you know't too,
Like a cunning Witch as you are.
Neice. Y'are beſt let him ha' that too.
Sir Greg. So I were, I think there were no living elſe,
I thank you, as you have handled the Matter.
Old K. Why this is muſical now, and *Tueſday* next
Shall tune your Inſtruments, that's the Day ſet.
Neice. A Match, good Uncle. *Old K.* Sir, you hear me too?
Sir Greg. Oh very well, I'm for you.
Neice. What e'er you hear, you know my Mind.
[*Exe.* Old Knight *and Neice.*

Sir Greg. Ay, a——on't, too well; if I do not wonder how we two ſhall come together, I'm a Bear-whelp. He talks of *Tueſday* next, as familiarly as if we lov'd one another, but 'tis as unlikely to me, as 'twas ſeven Year before I ſaw her; I ſhall try his Cunning, it may be he has a way was never yet thought on, and it had need to be ſuch a one, for all that I can think on will never do't; I look to have this Diamond taken from me very ſpeedily, therefore I'll take it off o' my Finger, for if it be ſeen, I ſhall be way-laid for that too. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Old Knight *and* Witty-Pate.

Old K. OH Torture! Torture! Thou carry'ſt a Sting i'th' thy Tail,
Thou never brought'ſt good News i'thy Life yet,
And that's an ill Quality, leave it when thou wilt.
Witty. Why you receive a Bleſſing the wrong way, Sir,
Call you not this good News? to ſave at once, Sir,
Your Credit and your Kinſman's Life together?
Would it not vex your Peace, and gaul your Worth,
T'have one of your Name hang'd?
Old K. Peace, no ſuch Words, Boy.
Witty. Be thankful for the Bleſſing of Prevention then. (*Brute,*
Old K. Le'me ſee, there was none hang'd out of our Houſe ſince I ha' ſearch'd both *Stow*, and *Hollingſhead.*

Witty.

Witty. O Sir.
Old K. I'll see what *Polychronicon* says anon too.
Witty. 'Twas a miraculous Fortune that I heard on't.
Old K. I would thou'dst never heard on't.
Witty. That's true too,
So it had ne'er been done; to see the Luck on't,
He was even brought to Justice *Aurum*'s Threshold,
There had flown forth a *Mittimus* straight for *Newgate*;
And note the Fortune too, Sessions a *Thursday*,
Jury call'd out a *Fryday*, Judgment a *Saturday*,
Dungeon a *Sunday*, *Tyburn* a *Monday*,
Miseries quotidian Ague, when't begins once,
Every Day pulls him, 'till he pull his last.
Old K. No more, I say, 'tis an ill Theam; where left you him?
Witty. He's i'th' Constable's Hands below i'th' Hall, Sir,
Poor Gentleman, and his Accuser with him.
Old K. What's he?
Witty. A Judge's Son 'tis thought, so much the worse too,
He'll hang his Enemy, and't shall cost him nothing,
That's a great Privilege. *Old K.* Within there?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir?
Old K. Call up the Folks i'th' Hall. I had such Hope on him,
For a Scholar too, a thing thou ne'er wast fit for,
Therefore erected all my Joys in him,
Got a *Welch* Benefice in Reversion for him,
Dean of *Cardigan*, has his Grace already,
He can marry and bury, yet ne'er a Hair on's Face,

Enter Credulous, *Sir* Ruinous (*as a Constable*) *and Lady* Gentry *as a Man.*

Like a *French* Vicar, and does he bring such Fruits to Town with
A Thief at his first lighting? Oh good den to you. (him?
Witty. Nay, sweet Sir, you're vext now, you'll grieve him,
And hurt your self.
Old K. Away, I'll hear no Counsel;
Come you but once in seven Year to your Uncle,
And at that time must you be brought home too?
And by a Constable? *Witty.* Oh speak low, Sir,
Remember your own Credit, you profess
You love a Man o' Wit, begin at home, Sir,
Express it i'your self. *Lady.* Nay, Master Constable,
Shew your self a wise Man, 'gainst your Nature too.
Ruin. Sir, no Dish Porridgment, we have brought home
As good Men as ye.
Old K. Out, a *North-Britain* Constable, that Tongue
Will publish all, it speaks so broad already;

Are

Are you the Gentleman?
L. Ruin. The unfortunate one, Sir,
That fell into the Power of mercileſs Thieves,
Whereof this Fellow, whom I'd call your Kinſman
As little as I could, for the fair Reverence
I owe to Fame and Years, was the prime Villain.
Old K. A wicked Prime.
Witty. Nay, not ſo loud, ſweet Father.
L. Ruin. The reſt are fled, but I ſhall meet with 'em,
Hang one of 'em I will certain, I ha' ſwore it,
And 'twas my Luck to light upon this firſt.
Old K. A *Cambridge* Man for this? theſe your Degrees, Sir?
Nine Years at Univerſity for this Fellowſhip?
Witty. Take you Voice lower, dear Sir.
Old K. What's your Loſs, Sir?
L. Ruin. That which offends to repeat, the Mony's whole, Sir;
'Tis i'th' Conſtable's Hands there, a ſeal'd hundred,
But I will not receive it. *Old K.* No? Not the Mony, Sir,
Having confeſt 'tis all? *L. Ruin.* 'Tis all the Mony, Sir,
But 'tis not all I loſt, for when they bound me,
They took a Diamond hung at my Shirt String,
Which fear of Life made me forget to hide;
It being the ſparkling Witneſs of a Contract
'Twixt a great Lawyer's Daughter and my ſelf.
Witty. I told you what he was: What does the Diamond
Concern my Couſin, Sir? *L. Ruin.* No more did the Mony,
But he ſhall anſwer all now. *Witty.* There's your Conſcience,
It ſhews from whence you ſprung. *L. Ruin.* Sprung? I had leapt a (Thief,
Had I leapt ſome of your Alliance. *Witty.* Slave!
L. Ruin. You prevent me ſtill. *Old K.* 'Slid, Son, are you mad?
L. Ruin. Come, come, I'll take a legal Courſe.
Old K. Will you undo us all? What's your Demand, Sir?
Now we're in's Danger too. *L. Ruin.* A hundred Mark, Sir,
I will not bate a Doit. *Witty.* A hundred Raſcals.
L. Ruin. Sir, find 'em out in your own Blood, and take 'em.
Witty. Go take your Courſe, follow the Law, and ſpare not.
Old K. Does Fury make you drunk? Know you what you ſay?
Witty. A hundred Dogs dungs, do your worſt.
Old K. You do, I'm ſure: Who's loud now?
Witty. What, his own asking? *Old K.* Not in ſuch a Caſe?
Witty. You ſhall have but threeſcore Pound; ſpite a your Teeth,
I'll ſee you hang'd firſt.
Old K. And what's ſeven pound more, Man?
That all this coil's about? ſtay, I ſay, he ſhall ha't.
Witty. It is your own, you may do what you pleaſe with it;
Pardon my Zeal, I would ha' ſav'd you Mony;

Give

Give him all his own asking? *Old K.* What's that to you, Sir?
Be ſparing of your own, teach me to pinch
In ſuch a caſe as this? go, go, live by your Wits, go.
Witty. I practiſe all I can. *Old K.* Follow you me, Sir.
And Maſter Conſtable, come from the Knave,
And be a witneſs of a full Recompence.
Witty. Pray ſtop the Conſtable's Mouth, what e'er you do, Sir.
Old K. Yet again? as if I meant not to do that my ſelf,
Without your Counſel? As for you, precious Kinſman,
Your firſt Years Fruits in *Wales* ſhall go to rack for this;
You lie not in my Houſe, I'll pack you out,
And pay for your Lodging rather. [*Exe. Knight*, Ruin. *and Lady.*
Witty. Oh fie, Couſin,
Theſe are ill courſes, you a Scholar too?
Cred. I was drawn into't moſt unfortunately,
By filthy deboiſt Company, *Witty.* I, I, I.
'Tis even the ſpoil of all our Youth in *England.*
What were they, Gentlemen?
Cred. Faith ſo like ſome on 'em,
They were ev'n the worſe again. *Witty.* Hum.
Cred. Great Tobacco whiffers,
They would go near to rob with a Pipe in their Mouths.
Witty. What, no?
Cred. Faith leave it, Couſin, becauſe Raſcals uſe it.
Witty. So they do Meat and Drink; muſt worthy Gentlemen
Refrain their Food for that? an honeſt Man
May eat of the ſame Pig ſome Parſon dines with,
A Lawyer and a Fool feed of one Woodcock,
Yet one ne'er the ſimpler, t'other ne'er the wiſer;
'Tis not Meat, Drink, or Smoak, Diſh, Cup, or Pipe,
Co-operates to the making of a Knave,
'Tis the Condition makes a Slave, a Slave,
There's *London* Philoſophy for you; I tell you Couſin,
You cannot be too cautelous, nice, or dainty,
In your Society here, eſpecially
When you come raw from the Univerſity,
Before the World has harden'd you a little;
For as a butter'd Loaf is a Scholar's Breakfaſt there,
So a poacht Scholar is a Cheater's Dinner here;
I ha' known ſeven of 'em ſupt up at a Meal.
Cred. Why a poacht Scholar?
Witty. 'Cauſe he pours himſelf forth,
And all his Secrets, at the firſt Acquaintance,
Never ſo crafty to be eaten i'th' Shell,
But is out-ſtript of all he has at firſt,
And goes down glib, he's ſwallowed with ſharp Wit,

'Stead

'Stead of Wine Vinegar. *Cred.* I ſhall think, Couſin,
O' your poacht Scholar, while I live.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Maſter *Credulous*,
Your Uncle wills you to forbear the Houſe.
You muſt with me, I'm charg'd to ſee you plac'd
In ſome new Lodging about *Thieving-Lane*.
What the Conceit's, I know not, but commands you
To be ſeen here no more, 'till you hear further.
Cred. Here's a ſtrange welcome, Sir.
Witty. This is the World, Couſin;
When a Man's Fame's once poiſon'd, fare thee well, Lad.

[*Ex.* Cred. *and Servant.*

This is the happieſt Cheat I e'er claim'd ſhare in,
It has a two-fold Fortune, gets me Coin,
And puts him out of Grace, that ſtood between me,
My Father's *Cambridge* Jewel, much ſuſpected
To be his Heir, now there's a Bar in's hopes.

Enter Ruinous *and Lady* Gentry.

Ruin. It chinks, make haſte.
Lady. The *Goat* at *Smithfield Pens*.

Enter Cunningham.

Wit. Zo, zo, zufficient. Maſter *Cunningham*?
I never have ill luck when I meet a Wit.
Cun. A Wit's better to meet, than to follow, then,
For I ha' none ſo good I can commend yet;
But commonly Men unfortunate to themſelves,
Are luckieſt to their Friends, and ſo may I be.
Wit. I run o'er ſo much Worth, going but in haſte from you,
All my deliberate Friendſhip cannot equal.
Cun. 'Tis but to ſhew, that you can place ſometimes

Enter Mirabel.

Your Modeſty a top of all your Virtues. [*Exit* Wit.
This Gentleman may pleaſure me yet again;
I am ſo haunted with this broad-brim'd Hat,
Of the laſt progreſs block, with the young Hat-band,
Made for a ſucking Devil of two years old,
I know not where to turn my ſelf.
Mir. Sir? *Cun.* More Torture?
Mir. 'Tis rumour'd that you love me.
Cun. A my troth Gentlewoman,
Rumour's as falſe a Knave as ever piſt then,
Pray tell him ſo from me; I cannot feign
With a ſweet Gentlewoman, I muſt deal downright.
Mir. I heard, though you diſſembled with my Aunt, Sir,
And that makes me more confident.

Cun. There's no Falshood,
But pays us our own some way; I confess
I feign'd with her, 'twas for a weightier purpose,
But not with thee, I swear. *Mir.* Nor I with you then,
Although my Aunt enjoyn'd me to dissemble,
To right her Spleen. I love you faithfully.
Cun. Light, this is worse than 'twas.
Mir. I find such Worth in you,
I cannot, nay I dare not dally with you,
For fear the flame consume me. *Cun.* Here's fresh trouble,
This drives me to my Conscience, for 'tis foul
To injure one that deals directly with me.
Mir. I crave but such a truth from your Love, Sir,
As mine brings you, and that's proportionable.
Cun. A good Geometrician, 'shrew my Heart;
Why are you out o' your Wits, pretty plump Gentlewoman,
You talk so desperately? 'tis a great Happiness,
Love has made one on's wiser than another,
We should be both cast away else;
Yet I love Gratitude, I must requite you,
I shall be sick else; but to give you me,
A thing you must not take, if you mean to live,
For a' my troth I hardly can my self;
No wise Physician will prescribe me for you.
Alas, your State is weak, you had need of Cordials,
Some rich Electuary, made of a Son and Heir,
An elder Brother, in a Cullisse, whole,
'T must be some wealthy *Gregory*, boil'd to a Jelly,
That must restore you to the state of new Gowns,
French Ruffs, and mutable Head-tires,
Mir. But, where is he, Sir?
One that's so rich will ne'er wed me with nothing.
Cun. Then see thy Conscience, and thy Wit together.
Would'st thou have me then, that has nothing neither?
What say you to *Fop Gregory* the first, yonder?
Will you acknowledge your time amply recompenc'd?
Full Satisfaction upon Love's Record,
Without any more Suit, if I combine you?
Mir. Yes, by this honest Kiss. *Cun.* You're a wise Clyent,
To pay your Fee before-hand, but all do so,
You know the worst already, that's the best too.
Mir. I know he's a Fool.
Cun. You're shrewdly hurt then;
This is your Comfort, your great wisest Women
Pick their first Husband still out of that House,
And some will have 'em to chuse, if they bury twenty.

Mir.

Mir. I'm of their Minds, that like him for a Husband
To run Youth's Race with, 'tis very pleasant,
But when I'm old, I'd always wish for a wiser.
Cun. You may have me by that time:
For this first Business,
Rest upon my Performance,
Mir. With all thankfulness.
Cun. I have a Project you must aid me in too.
Mir. You bind me to all lawful Action, Sir.
Cun. Pray wear this Scarfe about you.
Mir. I conjecture now ———
Cun. There's a Court Principle for't, one Office must help another;
As for Example, for your cast o' Manchits out o'th' Pantry,
I'll allow you a Goose out o'th' Kitchen.
Mir. 'Tis very sociably done, Sir; farewel Performance,
I shall be bold to call you so.
Cun. Do, sweet Confidence.

Enter Sir Gregory.

If I can match my two broad brim'd Hats;
'Tis he, I know the maggot by his Head;
Now shall I learn News of him, my precious Chief.
Sir Greg. I have been seeking for you i'th' Bowling Green,
Enquir'd at *Nettletons* and *Anthonies* Ordinary,
T'has vext me to th' Heart, look, I've Diamond here,
And it cannot find a Master. *Cun.* No? that's hard i'faith.
Sir Greg. It does belong to somebody, a ——— on him,
I would he had it, does but trouble me,
And she that sent it, is so waspish too,
There's no returning to her 'till't be gone.
Cun. Oh, oh, ah Sirrah, are you come?
Sir Greg. What's that, Friend?
Cun. Do you note that Corner Sparkle?
Sir Greg. Which? Which? Which, Sir?
Cun. At the West End o'th' Collar.
Sir Greg. Oh I see't now.
Cun. 'Tis an apparent mark; this is the Stone, Sir,
That so much Blood is threatned to be shed for.
Sir Greg. I pray. *Cun.* A Tun at least.
Sir Greg. They must not find't i'me then, they must
Go where 'tis to be had.
Cun. 'Tis well it came to my Hands first, Sir *Gregory*,
I know where this must go.
Sir Greg. Am I discharg'd on't?
Cun. My Life for yours now. [*Draws.*
Sir Greg. What now? *Cun.* 'Tis Discretion, Sir,
I'll stand upon my Guard all the while I ha't.

Sir Greg. 'Troth thou tak'ſt too much danger on thee ſtill,
To preſerve me alive. *Cun.* 'Tis a Friend's Duty, Sir,
Nay, by a Toy that I have late thought upon,
I'll undertake to get your Miſtreſs for you.
Sir Greg. Thou wilt not? wilt?
Cun. Contract her by a trick, Sir,
When ſhe leaſt thinks on't.
Sir Greg. There's the right way to't,
For if ſhe think on't once, ſhe'll never do't.
Cun. She does abuſe you ſtill then?
Sir Greg. A———damnably,
Every time worſe than other; yet her Uncle
Thinks the day holds a *Tueſday*; ſay it did, Sir,
She's ſo familiarly us'd to call me Raſcal,
She'll quite forget to wed me by my own Name,
And then that Marriage cannot hold in Law, you know.
Cun. Will you leave all to me?
Sir Greg. Who ſhould I leave it to?
Cun. 'Tis our luck to love Neices; I love a Neice too.
Sir Greg. I would you did i'faith.
Cun. But mine's a kind Wretch.
Sir Greg. Ay marry Sir, I would mine were ſo too.
Cun. No Raſcal comes in her Mouth.
Sir Greg. Troth, and mine has little elſe in hers.
Cun. Mine ſends me Tokens, all the World knows not on.
Sir Greg. Mine gives me Tokens too, very fine Tokens,
But I dare not wear 'em. *Cun.* Mine's kind in ſecret.
Sir Greg. And there mine's a Hell-cat.
Cun. We have a day ſet too.
Sir Greg. 'Slid, ſo have we Man,
But there's no ſign of ever coming together.
Cun. I'll tell thee who 'tis, the old Woman's Neice.
Sir Greg. Is't ſhe?
Cun. I would your luck had been no worſe for Mildneſs;
But mum, no more words on't to your Lady.
Sir Greg. Foh! *Cun.* No blabbing, as you love me.
Sir Greg. None of our Blood were ever Bablers.
Cun. Prithee convey this Letter to her,
But at any hand let not your Miſtreſs ſee't.
Sir Greg. Yet again, Sir? *Cun.* There's a Jewel in't,
The very Art would make her doat upon't.
Sir Greg. Say you ſo?
And ſhe ſhall ſee't for that trick only.
Cun. Remember but your Miſtreſs, and all's well.
Sir Greg. Nay, if I do not, hang me. [*Exit.*
Cun. I believe you;

This

This is the only way to return a Token,
I know he will do't now, 'cause he's charg'd to th' contrary.
He's the nearest kin to a Woman, of a thing
Made without Substance, that a Man can find again.
Some Petticoat begot him, I'll be whipt else,
Engendring with an old pair of pawn'd Hose,
Lying in some hot Chamber o'er the Kitchen,
Very Steam bred him,
He never came where *Rem in Re* e'er grew;
The Generation of a hundred such
Cannot make a Man stand in a white Sheet,
For 'tis no act in Law, nor can a Constable
Pick out a Bawdy business for *Bridewel* in't;

Enter Clown (as a Gallant.)

A lamentable case, he's got with a Man's Urine, like a *Mandrake.*
How now? hah? What prodigious Bravery's this?
A most prepostrous Gallant, the Doublet fits
As if it mock'd the Breeches. *Clown.* Save you, Sir.
Cun. Ha's put his Tongue in the fine suit of Words too.
Clown. How does the Party?
Cun. Takes me for a Scrivener. Which of the Parties?
Clown. Hum, Simplicity betide thee——
I would fain hear of the Party; I would be loath to go
Farther with her; Honour is not a thing to be dallied withal,
No more is Reputation, no nor Fame, I take it, I must not
Have her wrong'd when I'm abroad; my Party is not
To be compell'd with any Party in an oblique way;
'Tis very dangerous to deal with Women;
May prove a Lady too, but shall be nameless,
I'll bite my Tongue out, e'er it prove a Traitor.
Cun. Upon my Life I know her. *Clown.* Not by me,
Know what you can, talk a whole Day with me,
Y'are ne'er the wiser, she comes not from these Lips.
Cun. The old Knight's Neice.
Clown. 'Slid he has got her, Pox of his Heart that told him.
Can nothing be kept secret? Let me entreat you
To use her Name as little as you can, though.
Cun. 'Twill be small Pleasure, Sir, to use her Name.
Clown. I had Intelligence in my solemn Walks,
'Twixt *Paddington* and *Pancridge*, of a Scarf
Sent for a Token, and a Jewel follow'd,
But I acknowledge not the Recipt of any,
Howe'er 'tis carried, believe me, Sir,
Upon my Reputation I receiv'd none.
Cun. What, neither Scarf nor Jewel?
Clown. 'Twould be seen

Some-

Somewhere about me, you may well think that,
I have an Arm for a Scarf, as others have,
An Ear to hang a Jewel too, and that's more
Than some Men have, my Betters a great deal;
I must have Restitution where-e'er it lights.
Cun. And reason good. *Clown.* For all these Tokens, Sir,
Pass i' my Name. *Cun.* It cannot otherwise be.
Clown. Sent to a worthy Friend. *Cun.* Ay, that's to thee.
Clown. I'm wrong'd under that Title.
Cun. I dare swear thou art,
'Tis nothing but Sir *Gregory*'s Circumvention,
His envious Spite, when thou'rt at *Paddington*,
He meets the Gifts at *Pancridge*. *Clown.* Ah false Knight!
False both to Honour, and the Law of Arms!
Cun. What wilt thou say if I be reveng'd for thee?
Thou sit as Witness? *Clown.* I should laugh in state then.
Cun. I'll sob him, here's my Hand.
Clown. I shall be as glad as any Man alive, to see him well sob'd, Sir; but now you talk of sobbing, I wonder the Lady sends not for me according to Promise? I ha' kept out o' Town these two Days, a purpose to be sent for; I am almost starv'd with Walking.
Cun. Walking gets Men a Stomach.
Clown. 'Tis most true, Sir, I may speak it by Experience, for I ha' got a Stomach six times, and lost it again, as often as a Traveller from *Chelsea* shall lose the sight of *Pauls*, and get it again.
Cun. Go to her, Man.
Clown. Not for a Million, enfringe my Oath? There's a Toy call'd a Vow has past between us, a poor trifle, Sir: Pray do me the part and office of a Gentleman, if you chance to meet a Footman by the way, in Orange tawny Ribbands, running before an empty Coach, with a Buzzard i'th' Poop on't, direct him and his Horses toward the new River by *Islington*, there they shall have me looking upon the Pipes, and whistling. [*Exit* Clown.
Cun. A very good Note; this Love makes us all Monkies.
But to my Work: Scarf first? And now a Diamond?
These should be sure signs of her Affections Truth,
Yet I'll go forward with my surer proof. [*Exit.*

Enter Neice *and Sir* Gregory.

Neice. Is't possible?
Sir Greg. Nay, here's his Letter too, there's a fine Jewel in't.
Therefore I brought it to you.
Neice. You tedious Mongril! Is't not enough
To grace thee, to receive this from thy Hand,
A thing which makes me almost sick to do,
But you must talk too? *Sir Greg.* I ha' done.
Neice. Fall back,

Yet

Yet backer, backer yet, you unmannerly Puppy,
Do you not see I'm going about to read it?
Sir Greg. Nay, these are golden Days, now I stay by't,
She was wont not to endure me in her sight at all,
The World mends, I see that.
Neice. What an ambiguous Superscription's here?
To the best of Neices. Why that Title may be mine,
And more than hers:
Sure I much wrong the neatness of his Art;
'Tis certain sent to me, and to requite
My Cunning in the Carriage of my Tokens,
Us'd the same *Fop* for his.
Sir Greg. She nodded now to me; 'twill come in time.
Neice. What's here? An entire *Ruby*, cut into a Heart,
And this the Word, *Istud Amoris opus*?
Sir Greg. Yes, yes, I have heard him say, that Love is the best Stone-cutter.
Neice. Why thou sawcy Issue of some travelling Sow-gelder,
What makes Love in thy Mouth? Is it a thing
That ever will concern thee? I do wonder
How thou dar'st think on't? Hast thou ever hope
To come i'the same Room where Lovers are;
And 'scape unbrain'd with one of their Velvet Slippers?
Sir Greg. Love Tricks break out I see, and you talk of Slippers once,
'Tis not far off to Bed time.
Neice. Is it possible thou canst laugh yet?
I would ha' undertook to ha' kill'd a Spider
With less Venom far, than I have spit at thee.
Sir Greg. You must conceive,
A Knight's another manner a piece of Flesh.
Neice. Back, Owl's Face. *Within. Old K.* Do, do.
Neice. 'Tis my Uncle's Voice, that.
Why keep you so far off, Sir *Gregory*?
Are you afraid to come near your Mistress?
Sir Greg. Is the proud Heart come down? I lookt for this still.
Neice. He comes not this way yet: Away, you Dog-whelp,
Would you offer to come near me, though I said so?
I'll make you understand my Mind in time;
You run in greedily, like a Hound to his Breakfast,
That chops in Head and all to beguile his Fellows;
I'm to be eaten, Sir, with Grace and Leisure,
Behaviour and Discourse, things that ne'er trouble you;
After I have pelted you sufficiently,
I tro you will learn more Manners.
Sir Greg. I'm wondring still when we two shall come together?
Tuesday's at hand, but I'm as far off, as I was at first, I swear.

Enter

Enter Guardianess.

Guard. Now *Cunningham*, I'll be reveng'd at large:
Lady, what was but all this while Suspicion,
Is Truth full blown now, my Neice wears your Scarf.
Neice. Ha?
Guard. Do but follow me, I'll place you instantly
Where you shall see her courted by *Cunningham*.
Neice. I go with greediness; we long for things
That break our Hearts sometimes, there's Pleasure's Misery.
[*Exe.* Neice *and* Guard.
Sir Greg. Where are those Gad-flies going? To some Junket now.
That same old *Humble-bee* toles the young one forth
To Sweet-meats after kind, let 'em look to't,
The thing you wot on be not mist or gone.
I bring a Maiden-head, and I look for one.
Which is only a Puppet so dress't. [*Exit.*

Enter Cunningham (*in Discourse with a Mask'd Gentlewoman in a broad Hat, and Scarfed*) Neice *at another Door.*

Cun. Yes, yes.
Neice. Too manifest now, the Scarf and all.
Cun. It cannot be, you're such a fearful Soul.
Neice. I'll give her cause of Fear e'er I part from her.
Cun. Will you say so? Is't not your Aunt's desire too?
Neice. What a dissembling Croane's that? She'll forswear't now.
Cun. I see my Project takes, yonder's the grace on't.
Neice. Who would put Confidence in Wit again?
I'm plagu'd for my Ambition, to desire
A wise Man for a Husband, and I see
Fate will not have us go beyond our stint,
We are allow'd but one Dish, and that's Woodcock,
It keeps up Wit to make us Friends and Servants of,
And thinks any thing good enough to make us Husbands;
Oh that Whore's Hat o' thine, o' the riding Block,
A Shade for letcherous Kisses. *Cun.* Make you doubt on't?
Is not my Love of force? *Neice.* Yes, me it forces
To tear that sorcerous Strumpet from th' Imbraces.
Cun. Lady?
Neice. Oh thou hast wrong'd the exquisitest Love———
Cun. What mean you, Lady? *Neice.* Mine, you'll answer for't.
Cun. Alas, what seek ye? *Neice.* Sir, mine own with Loss.
Cun. You shall. *Neice.* I never made so hard a Bargain.
Cun. Sweet Lady?
Neice. Unjust Man, let my Wrath reach her,
As you owe Virtue Duty; [Cun. *falls on purpose.*
Your Cause trips you.
Now *Minion*, you shall feel what Love's Rage is,
Before you taste the Pleasure. Smile you, false Sir?

Cun.

Cun. How can I chuse? to see what Pains you take,
Upon a thing will never thank you for't. *Neice.* How?
Cun. See what things you Women be, Lady,
When Cloaths are taken for the best part of you?
This was to shew you, when you think I love you not,
How y'are deceiv'd still; there the Moral lyes,
'Twas a Trap set to catch you; and the only Bait
To take a Lady nibling, is fine Cloaths:
Now I dare boldly thank you for your Love,
I'm pretty well resolv'd in't by this Fit,
For a jealous Ague always ushers it.
Neice. Now Blessings still maintain this Wit of thine,
And I have an excellent Fortune coming in thee,
Bring nothing else I charge thee. *Cun.* Not a Groat, I warrant ye.
Neice. Thou shalt be worthily welcome, take my Faith for't,
Next Opportunity shall make us.
Cun. The old Gentlewoman has fool'd her Revenge sweetly.
Neice. 'Lass, 'tis her part, she knows her Place so well yonder;
Always when Women jump upon threescore,
Love shoves 'em from the Chamber to the Door.
Cun: Thou art a precious she-Wit. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Cunningham, *at one Door*; Witty-Pate, Ruinous, *Lady* Ruinous, *and* Priscian, *at the other.*

Cun. FRiend, met in the Harvest of our Designs,
Not a Thought but's busie. *Witty.* I knew it Man,
And that made me provide these needful Reapers,
Hooks, Rakers, Gleaners; we'll sing it home
With a melodious Horn-pipe; this is the Bond,
That as we further in your great Affair,
You'll suffer us to glean, pick up for Crums,
And if we snatch a Handful from the Sheaf,
You will not look a Churl on's. *Cun.* Friend, we'll share
The Sheaves of Gold, only the Love Acre
Shall be peculiar. *Witty.* Much good do you, Sir,
Away, you know your way, and your stay; get you
The Musick ready, while we prepare the Dancers.
Ruin. We are a Consort of our selves.
Pris. And can strike up lustily.
Witty. You must bring, Sir *Fop.* *Cun.* That's perfect enough.
Ruin. Bring all the *Fops* you can, the more the better Fare,

So the Proverb runs backwards [*Exeunt* Ruin *and* Prif.

L. Ruin. I'll bring the Ladies. [*Exit.*

Witty. Do so first, and then the Fops will follow;
I must to my Father, he must make one. [*Exit.*

Enter two Servants with a Banquet.

Cun. While I dispatch a Business with the Knight,
And I go with you. Well said, I thank you;
This small Banquet will furnish our few Guests
With taste and state enough; one reach my Gown,
The Action craves it, rather than the Weather.

1 *Ser.* There's one stays to speak with you, Sir.

Cun. What is he?

1 *Ser.* Faith I know not what; Sir, a Fool, I think,
That some Broker's Shop has made half a Gentleman;
Has the Name of a Worthy too. *Cun. Pompey?* I'st not?

1 *Ser.* That's he, Sir.

Cun. Alas, poor Fellow, prithee enter him, he will need too.

Enter second Servant with a Gown.

He shall serve for a Witness. Oh Gramercy,
If my Friend Sir *Gregory* comes, you know him,

Enter Clown.

Entertain him kindly. Oh Master *Pompey*, how is't Man?

Clown. 'Snails, I'm almost starv'd with Love, and Cold, and one thing or other;
Has not my Lady sent for me yet?

Cun. Not that I hear; sure some unfriendly Messenger
Is employ'd betwixt you.

Clown. I was nee'r so cold in my Life, in my Conscience I have been seven Miles in length, along the *New River*; I have seen a hundred Tickle Bags: I do not think but there's Gudgeons too; 'twill ne'er be a true Water!

Cun. Why think you so?

Clown. I warrant you, I told a thousand Millers Thumbs in it. I'll make a little bold with your Sweet-meats.

Cun. And welcome, *Pompey*.

Clown. 'Tis a strange thing, I have no taste in any thing.

Cun. Oh, that's Love, that distastes any thing but it self.

Clown. 'Tis worse than Cheese in that Point. May not a Man break his Word with a Lady? I could find in my Heart and my Hose, too.

Cun. By no means, Sir, th at breaks all the Laws of Love.

Clown. Well, I'll ne'er pass my Word without my Deed
To a Lady, while I live again. I would fain recover my Taste.

Cun. Well, I have News to tell you.

Clown. Good News, Sir?

Cun. Happy News, I help you away with a Rival, your Master bestow'd.

Clown.

Clown. Where, for this Plumb's sake——
Cun. Nay, listen me.
Clown. I warrant you, Sir, I have two Ears to one Mouth: I hear no more than I eat, I'd ne'er row by *Queen-Hith* While I liv'd else.
Cun. I have a Wife for him, and thou shalt witness the Contract.
Clown. The old one I hope, 'tis not the Lady?
Cun. Choak him first, 'tis one which thou shalt see, See him, see him deceiv'd, see the Deceit, only The Injunction is, you shall smile with Modesty.
Clown. I'll simper i'faith, as cold as I am yet; the old one I hope.

Enter Servant

Ser. Sir, here's Sir *Gregory.*
Cun. U'd so, shelter, shelter, if you be seen All's ravell'd out again; stand there private, And you'll find the very Opportunity To call you forth, and place you at the Table.

Enter Sir Gregory.

You are welcome, Sir, this Banquet will serve, When it is crown'd with such a Dainty as you Expect, and must have.
Sir Greg. Tush, these Sweet-Meats are but Sauce to that: Well, if there be any Honesty, or true Word in a Dream, She's mine own, nay, and chang'd extreamly, Not the same Woman. *Cun.* Who, not the Lady?
Sir Greg. No, not to me, the Edge of her Tongue is taken off, Gives me very good Words, turn'd upside down to me, An we live as quietly as two *Tortoises*, if she hold on, As she began in my Dream. [*Soft Musick.*
Cun. Nay, if Love send forth such Predictions, You are bound to believe 'em, there's the Watch-Word Of her coming; to your practis'd part now, If you hit it, *Æquus Cupido nobis.* [*Both go into the Gown.*
Sir Greg. I will warrant you, Sir, I will give Arms to Your Gentry, look you forward to your Business, I am an Eye behind you, place her in that Chair, And let me alone to grope her out.

Enter Mirabel.

Cun. Silence. Lady, your sweet Presence illustrates This homely Roof, and, as course Entertainment; But where Affections are both Host and Guest, They cannot meet unkindly; please you sit, Your something long Stay made me unmannerly, To place before you, you know this Friend here, He's my Guest, and more especially, That this our Meeting might not be too single,

Without a Witneſs to't.

Mir. I came not unreſolv'd, Sir,
And when our Hands are claſp'd in that firm Faith
Which I expect from you, Fame ſhall be bold
To ſpeak the loudeſt on't: Oh you graſp me
Somewhat too hard, Friend. *Cun.* That's Love's eager Will,
I'll touch it gentlier. [*Kiſſes her Hand.*

Mir. That's too low in you,
Leſs it be doubly recompenc'd in me. [*She Kiſſes his Hand.*

Clown. Puh, I muſt ſtop my Mouth, I ſhall be choakt elſe.

Cun. Come, we'll not play and trifle with Delays,
We met to join theſe Hands, and willingly
I cannot leave it 'till Confirmation.

Mir. One Word firſt, how does your Friend, kind Sir *Gregory*?

Cun. Why do you mention him? You love him not.

Mir. I ſhall love you the leſs if you ſay ſo, Sir,
In troth I love him, but 'tis you deceive him,
This flattering Hand of yours does rob him, and I know
I ſhall have Hate for't, his Hate extreamly.

Cun. Why I thought you had not come ſo weakly arm'd:
Upon my Life the Knight will love you for't,
Exceedingly love you, for ever love you.

Mir. Ay, you'll perſwade me ſo. *Cun.* Why, he's my Friend,
And wiſhes me a Fortune equal with him,
I know and dare ſpeak it for him.

Mir. Oh, this Hand betrays him, you might remember him in ſome Courteſie yet at leaſt.

Cun. I thank your Help in't; here's to his Health,
Where-e'er he be.

Mir. I'll pledge it, were it againſt my Health.

Clown. Oh, oh, my Heart hops after twelve Mile a Day, upon a good Return, now could I walk three hundred Mile a-foot, and laugh forwards and backwards.

Mir. You'll take the Knight's Health, Sir.

Clown. Yes, yes forſooth, oh my Sides! Such a Banquet once a Week, would make me grow fat in a Fortnight.

Cun. Well, now to cloſe our Meeting, with the cloſe
Of mutual Hands and Hearts, thus I begin,
Here in Heav'ns Eye, and all Loves ſacred Pow'rs,
(Which in my Prayers ſtand propitious)
I knit this holy Hand faſt, and with this Hand
The Heart that owes this Hand, ever binding
By force of this initiating Contract
Both Heart and Hand in Love, Faith, Loyalty,
Eſtate, or what to them belongs, in all the Dues,
Rights and Honours of a faithful Husband,

And

And this firm Vow, henceforth 'till Death, to stand
Irrevocable, seal'd both with Heart and Hand.
Mir. Which thus I second; but oh, Sir *Gregory.*
Cun. Again? This Interposition's ill, believe me.
Mir. Here, in Heav'ns Eye, and all Love's sacred Pow'rs,
I knit this holy Hand fast, and with this Hand
The Heart that owes this Hand, ever binding
Both Heart and Hand in Love, Honour, Loyalty,
Estate, or what to them belongs, in all the Dues,
Rights and Duties of a true and faithful Wife;
And this firm Vow, henceforth 'till Death, to stand
Irrevocable, seal'd both with Heart and Hand.
Sir Greg. A full Agreement on both parts.
Cun. Ay, here's Witness of that.
Sir Greg. Nay, I have over-reach'd you Lady, and that's much,
For any Knight in *England* to over-reach a Lady.
Mir. I rejoyce in my Deceit, I am a Lady
Now, I thank you, Sir. *Clown.* Good Morrow, Lady *Fop.*
Sir Greg. 'Snails, I'm gull'd, made a worshipful Ass,
This is not my Lady.
Cun. But it is, Sir, and true as your Dream told you,
That your Lady was become another Woman.
Sir Greg. I'll have another Lady, Sir, if there were no more Ladies in *London*, blindman Buff is an unlawful Game.
Cun. Come down on your Knees first, and thank your Stars.
Sir Greg. A fire of my Stars, I may thank you, I think.
Cun. So you may pray for me, and honour me,
That have preserv'd you from a lasting Torment,
For a perpetual Comfort; did you call me Friend?
Sir Greg. I pray pardon me for that, I did mis-call you, I confess.
Cun. And should I, receiving such a thankful Name,
Abuse it in the act? Should I see my Friend
Baffled, disgrac'd, without any Reverence
To your Title, to be call'd Slave, Rascal?
Nay, curst to your Face, fool'd, scorn'd, beaten down
With a Woman's peevish Hate, yet I should stand
And suffer you to be lost, cast away?
I would have seen you buried quick first,
Your Spurs of Knighthood to have wanted Rowels,
And to be kick'd from your Heels; Slave, Rascal?
Hear this Tongue.
Mir. My dearest Love, sweet Knight, my Lord, my Husband.
Cun. So, this is not Slave and Rascal then.
Mir. What shall your Eye command, but shall be done,
In all the Duties of a loyal Wife?
Cun. Good, good, are not Curses fitter for you? wer't not better

You

Your Head were broke with the handle of a Fan,
Or your Nose bor'd with a silver Bodkin?

Mir. Why, I will be a Servant in your Lady.

Cun. 'Pox, but you shall not, she's too good for you,
This Contract shall be a nullity, I'll break't off,
And see you better bestow'd.

Sir Greg. 'Slid, but you shall not, Sir, she's mine own, and I am hers, and we are one anothers lawfully, and let me see him that will take her away by the Civil Law: If you be my Friend, keep you so, if you have done me a good turn, do not hit me i'th' Teeth with't, that's not the part of a Friend.

Cun. If you be content——

Sir Greg. Content? I was never in better Contention in my Life. I'll not change her for both the *Exchanges*, *New* or the *Old*; Come, kiss me boldly. *Clown.* Give you joy, Sir.

Sir Greg. Oh Sir, I thank you as much as though I did, you are belov'd of Ladies, you see we are glad of under-Women.

Clown. Ladies? let not the Ladies be disgrac'd, you are as it were a married Man, and have a Family, and for the Party's sake that was unnam'd before, being Pease-cod time, I am appeas'd, yet I would wish you make a Ruler of your Tongue.

Cun. Nay, no dissention here, I must bar that;
And this, Friend, I entreat you, and be advis'd,
Let this private Contract be yet conceal'd,
And still support a seeming Face of Love
Unto the Lady; mark how it avails you,
And quits all her Scorns: Her Uncle is now hot
In pursuit of the Match, and will enforce her,
Bend her proud Stomach, that she shall proffer
Her self to you, which when you have flouted,
And laugh'd your fill at, you shall scorn her off,
With all your disgraces trebled upon her,
For there the Pride of all her Heart will bow,
When you shall foot her from you, not she you.

Sir Greg. Good i'faith; I'll continue it. I'd fain laugh at the old Fellow too, for he has abus'd me as scurvily as his Neice, my Knighthood's upon the Spur, we'll go to Bed, and then to Church as fast as we can. [*Exe. Sir* Greg. *and* Mirab.

Clown. I do wonder I do not hear of the Lady yet.

Cun. The good Minute may come sooner than we are aware of, I do not think but 'twill e'er Night yet, as near as 'tis.

Clown. Well, I will go walk by the *New-River*, in that Meditation, I am o'er Shoes, I'm sure upon the dry Bank; this gullery of my Master will keep me company this two hours too, if Love were not an Enemy to Laughter, I should drive away the time well enough; you know my Walk, Sir, if she sends, I shall be found Angling,

gling, for I will try what I can catch for luck sake, I will fish fair for't.

Oh Knight, that thou should'st be gull'd so; ha, ha, it does me good at Heart,

But oh, Lady, thou tak'st down my merry part. [*Exit.*

Enter Witty-pate.

Witty. Friend. *Cun.* Here Friend.

Witty. All's afoot, and will go smooth away,
The Woman has conquer'd the Women, they are gone,
Which I have already complain'd to my Father,
Suggesting that Sir *Gregory* is fall'n off
From his Charge, for Neglects and ill Usage,
And that he is most violently bent
On *Gentry*'s Wife (whom I have call'd a Widow)
And that without most sudden Prevention
He will be married to her. *Cun.* All this is wrong.
This wings his Pursuit, and will be before me; I am lost for ever.

Witty. No, stay, you shall not go
But with my Father, on my Wit let it lie,
You shall appear a friendly Assistant,
To help in all Affairs, and in Execution
Help yourself only. *Cun.* Would my Belief
Were strong in this Assurance. *Witty.* You shall credit it,
And my Wit shall be your Slave if it deceive you.

Enter Old Knight.

My Father———

Old K. Oh Sir? You are well met, where's the Knight your Friend?

Cun. Sir, I think your Son has told you.

Witty. Shall I stand to tell't again? I tell you he loves,
But not my Kinswoman; her base Usage,
And your slack Performance, which he accuses most
Indeed, has turn'd the Knight's Heart upside down.

Old K. I'll curb her for't; can he be but recover'd,
He shall have her, and she shall be dutiful,
And love him as a Wife too. *Witty.* With that condition, Sir,
I dare recal him were he enter'd the Church,
So much Interest of Love I assure in him.

Old K. Sir, it shall be no loss to you if you do.

Witty. Ay, but these are Words still, will not the Deeds
Be wanting at the Recovery, if it should be again.

Old K. Why here, Fool, I am provided, five hundred in earnest,
Of the thousands in her Dower; but were they married once
I'd cut him short enough, that's my Agreement.

Witty. Ay, I now perceive some purpose in you, Father.

Old K. But wherefore is she then stol'n out of Doors to him?

Witty. To him? oh fie upon your Error, she has another Object, believe it, Sir.

Old K.

Old K. I never could perceive it.
Cun. I did, and to her Shame I should speak it,
To my own Sorrow I saw it, Dalliance,
Nay, Dotage with avery Clown, a Fool.
Old K. Wit and Wantons? nothing else? nothing else?
She love a Fool? she'll sooner make a Fool
Of a wise Man. *Cun.* Ay, my Friend complains so,
Sir *Gregory* says flatly, she makes a Fool of him,
And these bold Circumstances are approv'd;
Favours have been sent by him, yet he ignorant
Whither to carry 'em; they have been understood,
And taken from him: Certain, Sir, there is
An unsuspected Fellow lies conceal'd,
What, or where-e'er he is, these slight neglects
Could not be of a Knight else.
Old K. Well, Sir, you have promis'd (if we recover him
Unmarried) to salve all these old Bruises?
Cun. I'll do my best, Sir.
Old K. I shall thank you, costly, Sir, and kindly too.
Witty. Will you talk away the time here, Sir, and come behind all your purposes?
Old K. Away good Sir.
Witty. Then stay a little, good Sir, for my Advice.
Why Father, are you broke? your Wit beggar'd,
Or are you at your wits end? or out of
Love with Wit? no trick of Wit to suprize
Those designs, but with an open Hue and Cry,
For all the World to talk on? this is strange,
You were not wont to slubber a Project so.
Old K. Can you help at a pinch now? shew your self
My Son? go too, I leave this to your Wit,
Because I'll make a proof on't. *Witty.* 'Tis thus then,
I have had late Intelligence, they are now
Bucksom as *Bacchus* Froes, Revelling, Dancing,
Telling the Musick's numbers with their Feet,
Awaiting the meeting of permonish'd Friends,
That's questionless, little dreading you:
Now Sir, with a dextrous trick indeed, sudden
And sufficient were well, to enter on 'em
As something like the Abstract of a Masque;
What though few Persons? if best for our purpose,
That commends the Project. *Old K.* This takes up time.
Witty. Not at all, I can presently furnish
With loose Disguises that shall fit that Scene.
Old K. Why, what wants then?
Witty. Nothing but charge of the Musick,

That

That must be paid, you know.

Old K. That shall be my Charges, I'll pay the Musick,
Whate'er it cost.

Witty. And that shall be all your Charge,
Now on, I like it, there will be Wit in't, Father.

[*Exe.* Old K. *and* Witty.

Cun I will neither distrust his Wit nor Friendship,
Yet if his Master's Brain should be o'erthrown,
My Resolution now shall seize mine own. [*Exit.*

Enter Neice, Lady Ruinous, *Guardianess*, Ruinous *and* Priscian, *(with Instruments masqued.)*

L. Ruin. Nay, let's have Musick, let that sweet breath at least
Give us her airy welcome, 'twill be the best
I fear this ruin'd Receptacle will yield,
But that most freely. *Neice.* My Welcome follows me,
Else I am ill; come hither, you assure me
Still Mr. *Cunningham* will be here, and that it was
His kind entreaty that wish'd me meet him.

L. Ruin. Else let me be that shame unto my Sex,
That all belief may fly 'em. *Neice.* Continue still
The Knight's Name unto my Guardianess,
She expects no other. *L. Ruin.* He will, he will, assure you
Lady, Sir *Gregory* will be here, and suddenly:
This Musick fore-ran him; is't not so Consort?

Ruin. Yes Lady, he stays on some Device to bring along,
Such a labour he was busie in, some witty Device.

Neice. 'Twill be long e'er he comes then, for Wit's
A great Labour to him.

Guard. Well, well, you'll agree better one Day.

Neice. Scarce two, I think.

Guard. Such a mocking-beggar Suit of Cloaths as led me
Into the Fool's pair of Dice, with Dewze Ace,
He that would make me Mistress *Cun, Cun, Cunnie*,
He's quite out of my Mind, but I shall ne'er
Forget him while I have hole in my Head;
Such a one I think would please you better,
Though he did abuse you. *Ruin.* Fye, speak well of him now,
Your Neice has quitted him. *Guard.* I hope she has,
Else she loses for ever; but for Sir *Gregory*,
Would he were come, I shall ill answer this
Unto your Uncle else. *Neice.* You know 'tis his Pleasure
I should keep him Company. *Guard.* Ay, and should be your own;
If you did well too; Lord, I do wonder
At the Niceness of you Ladies now-a-days,
They must have Husbands with so much Wit forsooth,
Worship and Wealth were both wont to be

In better request I'm sure, I cannot tell,
But they get ne'er the wiser Children that I see.
L. Ruin. La, la, la, la, Sol, this Musick breaths in vain,
Methinks 'tis dull to let it move alone,
Let's have a Female Motion, 'tis in private,
And we'll grace't our selves, however it deserves.
Neice. What say you, Guardianess?
Guard. 'Lass I'm weary with the Walk,
My jaunting Days are done.
L. Ruin. Come, come, we'll fetch her in by course, or else
She shall pay the Musick.
Guard. Nay, I'll have a little for my Mony then.
[*They dance, a Cornet is winded.*
L. Ruin. Hark? upon my Life the Knight; 'tis your Friend,
This was the warning-piece of his Approach.
Enter Old Knight, Witty-pate, *and* Cunningham, *Masqu'd, and take them to Dance.*
L. Ruin. Ha? No Words but mum? Well then,
We shall need no Counsel-keeping.
Neice. Cunningham? *Cun.* Yes fear nothing.
Neice. Fear? Why do you tell me of it?
Cun. Your Uncle's here. *Neice.* Aye me.
Cun. Peace. *Old K.* We have caught 'em.
Witty. Thank my Wit, Father.
Guard. Which is the Knight, think you?
Neice. I know not, he will be found when he speaks,
No Masque can disguise his Tongue.
Witty. Are you charg'd? *Old K.* Are you awake?
Witty. I'm answer'd in a Question.
Cun. Next Change we meet, we loose our Hands no more.
Neice. Are you prepar'd to tie 'em? *Cun.* Yes.
You must go with me.
Guard. Whither, Sir? Not from my Charge, believe me.
Cun. She goes along.
Neice. Will you venture, and my Uncle here?
Cun. His Stay's prepar'd for.
Guard. 'Tis the Knight sure, I'll follow.
[*Exe.* Cun. Neice. Guard.
Old K. How now, the Musick tir'd before us?
Ruin. Yes, Sir, we must be paid now.
Witty. Oh that's my Charge, Father.
Old K. But stay, where are our wanton Ladies gone? Son, where are they?
Witty. Only chang'd the Room in a Change, that's all sure.
Old K. I'll make 'em all sure else, and then return to you.
Ruin. You must pay for your Musick first, Sir.

Old K.

Old K. Must? Are there musty Fidlers? Are Beggars Chusers now? Ha? Why *Witty-pate*, Son, where am I?

Witty. You were dancing e'en now, in good Measure, Sir; Is your Health miscarried since? What ail you, Sir?

Old K. Death, I may be gull'd to my Face, where's my Neice? What are you?

L. Ruin. None of your Neice, Sir.

Old K. How now? Have you loud Instruments too? I'll hear No more, I thank you; what have I done tro To bring these Fears about me? Son, where am I?

Witty. Not where you should be, Sir, you should be paying For your Musick, and you are in a maze.

Old K. Oh, is't so, put up, put up, I pray you, Here's a Crown for you. *L. Ruin.* Pish, a Crown?

Ruin. Pris. Ha, ha, a Crown?

Old K. Which way do you laugh? I have seen a Crown has made a Consort laugh heartily.

Witty. Father, To tell you truth, these are no ordinary Musicians, they expect a Bounty Above their punctual desert.

Old K. A———on your Punks and their Deserts too. Am I not cheated all this while, think you? Is not your Pate in this? *Witty.* If you be cheated, You are not to be indicted for your own Goods; Here you trifle time to market your Bounty And make it base, when it must needs be free For ought I can perceive.

Old K. Will you know the lowest price, Sir?

Witty. That I will, Sir, with all my Heart.

Old K. Unless I was discover'd, and they now fled Home again for fear, I am absolutely beguil'd, That's the best can be hop'd for.

Witty. Faith 'tis somewhat too dear yet, Gentlemen.

Ruin. There's not a Denier to be bated, Sir.

Old K. Now, Sir, how dear is it?

Witty. Bate but the t'other ten Pound.

Pris. Not a Bawbee, Sir.

Old K. How? Bate ten Pound? What's the whole Sum then?

Witty. Faith, Sir, a hundred Pound, with much ado I got fifty bated, and faith Father, to say truth, 'Tis reasonable for Men of their Fashion.

Old K. La, la, la, down, a hundred Pound? la, la, la, You are a Consort of Thieves, are you not?

Witty. No Musicians, Sir, I told you before.

Old K. Fiddle faddle, is it not a Robbery? a plain Robbery?

Witty. No, no, no, by no means Father, you have receiv'd
For your Mony, nay and that you cannot give back,
'Tis somewhat dear I confess, but who can help it?
If they had been agreed with before-hand,
'Twas ill forgotten.

Old K. And how many Shares have you in this? I see my force,
Case up your Instruments, I yield, here, as robb'd and
Taken from me, I deliver it.

Witty. No, Sir, you have perform'd your Promise now,
Which was, to pay the charge of Musick, that's all.

Old K. I have heard no Musick, I have receiv'd none, Sir,
There's none to be found in me, nor about me.

Witty. Why, Sir, here's Witness against you, you have danc'd,
And he that dances acknowledges a Receipt of Musick.

Old K. I deny that, Sir, look you, I can dance without Musick, do you see, Sir? And I can sing without it too; you are a Consort of Thieves, do you hear what I do?

Witty. Pray take you heed, Sir, if you do move the Musick again, it may cost you as much more.

Old K. Hold, hold, I'll depart quietly, I need not bid you farewel, I think now, so long as that hundred Pound lasts with you.

Enter Guardianess

Ha, ha, am I snapt i'faith?

Guard. Oh, Sir *Perfidious.* (dear.

Old K. I, I, some howling another while, Musick's too damnable

Guard. Oh Sir, my Heart-strings are broke, if I can but live to tell you the Tale, I care not, your Neice my Charge is——

Old K. What, is she sick?

Guard. No, no, Sir, she's lustily well married.

Old K. To whom?

Guard. Oh, to that cunning Dissembler *Cunningham.*

Old K. I'll hang the Priest first, what was he?

Guard. Your Kinsman, Sir, that has the *Welch* Benefice.

Old K. I sav'd him from the Gallows to that end, good; is there any more?

Guard. And Sir *Gregory* is married too.

Old K. To my Neice too, I hope, and then I may hang her.

Guard. No, Sir, to my Neice, thank *Cupid*; and that's all that's likely to recover me, she's Lady *Fop* now, and I am one of her Aunts, I thank my Promotion.

Enter Credulous, Cunningham, *Neice*, *Sir* Gregory, *and* Mirabel.

Cred. I have perform'd your best, Sir.

Old K. What have you perform'd, Sir?

Witty. Faith, I must excuse my Cousin in this act,
If you can excuse your self for making him
A Priest, there's the most difficult Answer.

I put this practice on him, as from your desire:
A truth, a truth, Father. (Name.

Cred. I protest, Sir, he tells you truth, he mov'd me to't in your

Old K. I protest, Sir, he told you a Lie in my Name; and were you so easie, Mr. *Credulous*, to believe him?

Cred. If a Man should not believe his Cousin, Sir, whom should he believe?

Old K. Good e'en to you, good Mr. Cousin *Cunningham*,
And your fair Bride, my Cousin *Cunningham* too,
And how do you do Sir *Gregory*, with your fair Lady?

Sir Greg. A little better than you would have had me, I thank you, Sir; the days of Puppy, and Slave, and Rascal, are pretty well blown over now, I know Crabs from Verjuice, I have tried both, and thou'dst give me thy Neice for nothing, I'd not have her.

Cun. I think so, Sir *Gregory*, for my sake you would not.

Sir Greg. I would thou hadst scap'd her too, and then she had died of the Green-sickness: Know this, that I did marry in spight, and I will kiss my Lady in spight, and love her in spight, and beget Children of her in spight, and when I die, they shall have my Lands in spight; this was my Resolution, and now 'tis out.

Neice. How spightful are you now, Sir *Gregory*?
Why look you, I can love my dearest Husband,
With all the Honours, Duties, sweet Embraces,
That can be thrown upon a loving Man.

Sir Greg. ——This is afore your Uncle's Face, but behind his Back, in private, you'll shew him another Tale ——

Cun. You see, Sir, now the irrecoverable state of all these things before you: Come out of your Muse, they have been but Wit-weapons, you were wont to love the Play.

Enter Clown. (anon.

Old K. Let me alone in my Muse, a little, Sir, I will wake to you

Cun. U'd so, your Friend *Pompey*, how will you answer him?

Neice. Very well, if you'll but second it, and help me.

Clown. I do hear strange Stories, are Ladies things obnoxious?

Neice. Oh, the dissembling falsest Wretch is come.

Cun. How now, Lady?

Neice. Let me come to him, and instead of Love
Let me have Revenge.

Witty. Pray you now, will you first examine, whether he be guilty or

Neice. He cannot be excus'd. (no.
How many Messengers (thou perjur'd Man)
Hast thou return'd with Vows and Oaths, that thou
Wouldst follow, and never 'till this unhappy hour
Could I set Eye of thee, since thy false Eye
Drew my Heart to it? Oh I could tear thee now,
Instead of soft Embraces; pray give me leave ——

Witty. Faith this was ill done of you, Sir, if you promis'd otherwise.

Clown. By this Hand, never any Messenger came at me, since the first time I came into her Company; that a Man should be wrong'd thus?

Neice. Did not I send thee Scarfs and Diamonds? and thou return'dst me Letters, one with a false Heart in't.

Witty. Oh fie, to receive Favours, return Falshoods, and hold a Lady in hand——

Clown Will you believe me, Sir? if ever I receiv'd Diamonds, or Scarf, or sent any Letter to her, would this Sword might ne'er go through (me.

Witty. Some bad Messengers have gone between you then.

Neice. Take him from my Sight, if I shall see to morrow.

Witty. Pray you forbear the place, this Discontent may impair her Health much.

Clown. 'Foot, if a Man had been in any Fault, 'twould ne'er griev'd him: Sir, if you'll believe.

Witty. Nay, nay, protest no more, I do believe you,
But you see how the Lady is wrong'd by't;
She has cast away her self, it is to be fear'd,
Against her Uncle's Will, nay, and Consent,
But out of a mere neglect, and spight to her self,
Married suddenly without any advice.

Clown. Why, who can help it? if she be cast away, she may thank her self, she might have gone farther and far'd worse; I could do no more than I could do: 'twas her own pleasure to command me, that I should not come 'till I was sent for, I had been with her every minute of an hour (else.

Witty. Truly I believe you.

Clown. Night and Day she might have commanded me, that she knew well enough; I said as much to her between her and I; yet I protest, she's as honest a Lady for my part that I'd say, if she would see me hang'd; If she be cast away, I think I cannot help it, she might have stay'd to have spoken with a Man.

Witty. Well, 'twas a hard Miss on both Parts,

Clown. So 'twas, I was within one of her, for all this cross Luck, I was sure I was between the Knight and home.

Neice. Not gone yet? Oh my Heart! none regard my Health?

Wit. Good Sir, forbear her sight awhile, you hear how ill she brooks it:

Clown. Foolish Woman, to overthrow her Fortune so; I shall think the worse of a Lady's Wit, while I live for't—— I could almost cry for Anger, if she should miscarry now, 'twould touch my Conscience a little; and who knows what Love and Conceit may do? What would People say, as I go along? There goes he that the Lady dy'd for Love on, I am sure to hear on't i'th Streets, I shall weep before hand; foolish Woman, I do grieve more for thee now, than I did love thee before; well, go thy ways, wouldst thou spare thy Husband's Head, and break thine own Heart? If thou hadst any Wit, I would some other had been the Cause of thy undoing, I shall be twitted i' th' Teeth with it, I'm sure of that, foolish Lady.

[*Exit Neice*

Neice. So, so, this Trouble's well shook off. Uncle, how d'ye? 3 there's a Dowry due, Sir.

Cun. We have agreed it, Sweetest,
And find your Uncle fully recover'd, kind to both of us.

Witty. To all the rest, I hope.

Old K. Never to thee, nor thee, easie Cousin *Credulous*,
Was your Wit so raw?

Cred. Faith, yours Sir, so long season'd,
Has been faulty too, and very much to blame,
Speaking it with Reverence, Uncle.

Sir Greg. Yes faith, Sir, you have paid as dear for your time, as any Man here.

Witty. Ay, Sir, and I'll reckon it to him. *Imprimis*, The first Preface cheat of a Pair of Pieces to the Beggars, you remember that I was the Example to your Bounty there, I spake *Greek* and *Syriack*, Sir; you understand me now. Next, the Robbery put upon your indulgent Cousin, which indeed was no Robbery, no Constable, no Justice, no Thief, but all Cheaters: there was a hundred Mark, mark you that; lastly, this memorable hundred Pounds worth of Musick, this was both Cheat and Wit too; and for the assistance of this Gentleman to my Cousin (for which am to have a Fee) that was a little practice of my Wit too, Father: Will you come to Composition yet, Father?

Cun. Yes faith, Sir, do, two hundred a Year will be easier than so much Weekly, I do not think he's barren if he should be put to't again.

Old K. Why this was the Day I look'd for, thou shalt have't,
And the next Cheat makes up three hundred;
Live thou upon thy ten Pound Vicarige,
Thou get'st not a Penny more, here's thy full Hire now.

Cred. I thank you, Sir.

Witty. Why there was the sum of all my Wit, Father,
To shove him out of your Favour, which I fear'd
Would have disinherited me. *Old K.* Most certain it had,
Had not thy Wit recover'd it. Is there any here
That had a hand with thee? *Witty.* Yes, all these, Sir.

Old K. Nephew, part a hundred Pound amongst 'em,
I'll repay it; Wealth, love me as I love Wit;
When I die, I'll build Alms-house for decay'd Wits.

Sir Greg. I'll entertain one in my life-time; Scholar, you shall be my Chaplain, I have the Gift of twenty Benefices, simple as I am here.

Prif. Thanks my great Patron.

Cun. Sir, your Gentry and your Name shall both be rais'd as high as my Fortunes can reach 'em, for your Friends sake.

Witty. Something will be in my present Power, the future more,
You shall share with me.

Ruin and Wife. Thanks, worthy Gentlemen.

Neice. Sir, I would beg one thing of you?

Sir Greg. You can beg nothing of me.

Witty. Oh Sir, if she begs, there's your Power overher.

Sir Greg.

Sir Greg. She has beg'd me for a Fool already, but 'tis no matter: I have begg'd her for a Lady, that she might have been, That's one for another.

Witty. Nay, but if she beg———

Sir Greg. Let her beg again then.

Neice. That your Man *Pompey*'s Coat may come over his Ears again, I would not he should be lost for my sake.

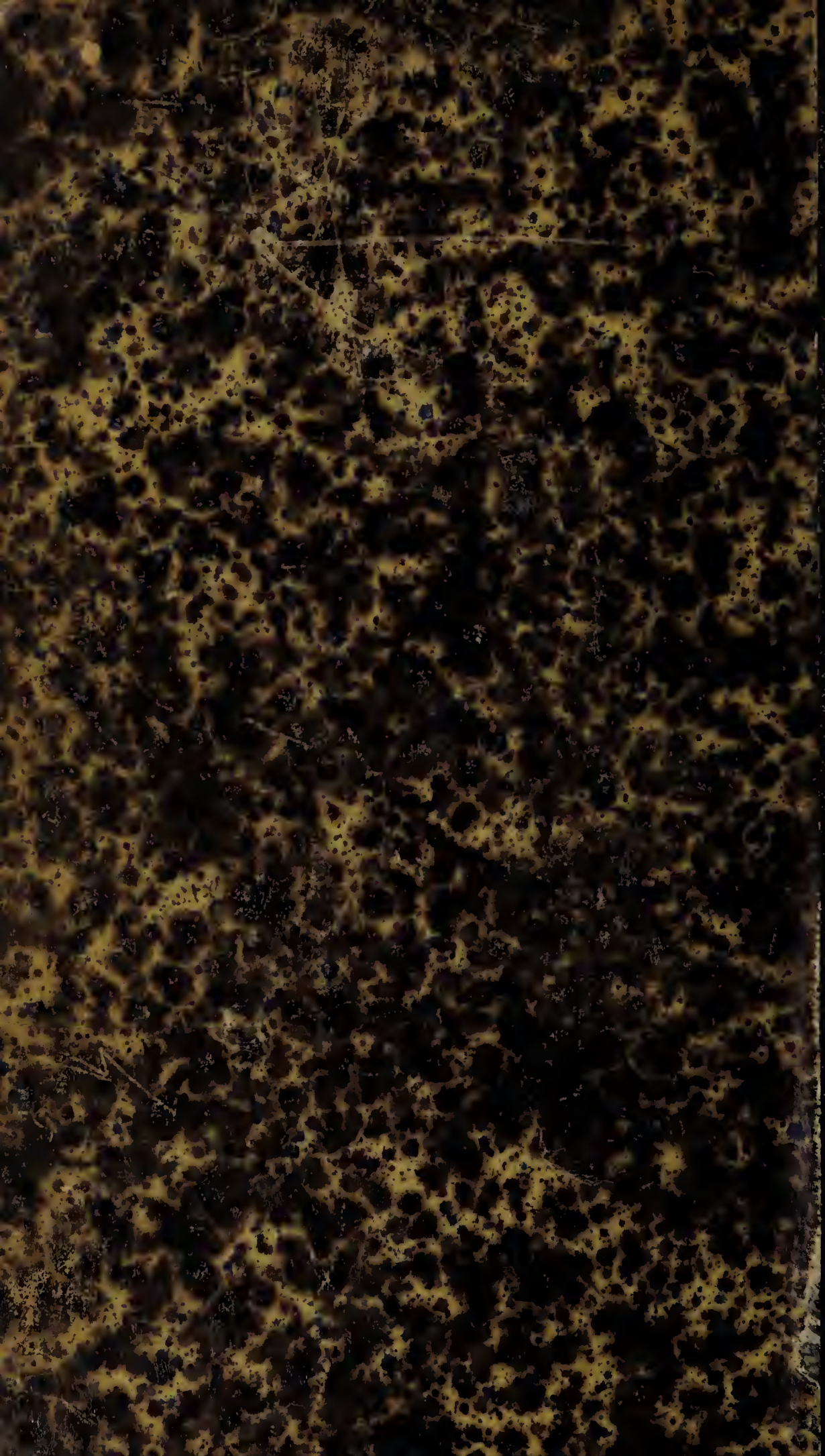
Sir Greg. Well, 'tis granted, for mine own sake.

Mir. I'll intreat it, Sir.

Sir Greg. Why then 'tis granted for your sake,

Old K. Come, come, down with all Weapons now, 'tis Musick (time, So it be purchas'd at an easie Rate; Some have receiv'd the knocks, some giv'n the hits, And all concludes in Love, there's happy Wits. [*Exeunt.*

Epilogue at the reviving of the Play.

WE need not tell you, Gallants, that this Night
The Wits have jumpt, or that the Scenes hit right;
'Twould be but Labour lost for to excuse
What Fletcher *had to do in; his brisk Muse*
Was so mercurial, that if he but writ
An Act, or two, the whole Play rose up Wit.
We'll not Appeal unto those Gentlemen,
Judge by their Cloaths, if they sit right, nor when
The Ladies smile, and with their Fans delight
To whisk a Clinch aside, then all goes right;
'Twas well receiv'd before, and we dare say,
You now are welcome to no vulgar Play.

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